THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 22, 1958 . . 25c

EDMUND WILSON

Essays in Appreciation

Robert Spiller
Richard Chase
Robert Cantwell

SPECIAL ISSUE

LESS WORK — LESS LEISURE

Akron Tests the Six-Hour Day

Harvey Swados

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LETTERS

Is Philanthropy Private?

Dear Sirs: I am very thankful for two articles in your January 18 issue: Fund-Raising and The Scandalous Ad-Tax. Of course, I don't have all sources of information at my disposal, but at the moment I can't think of any other publication where I could have learned about these matters.

MARGARET I. THOMAS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: The question, private philanthropy versus social welfare, posed in your recent series in fund-raising, is not accurately put. A corporation with taxable income in excess of $25,000 is in the 52 per cent income-tax bracket. A married individual with taxable income in excess of $32,000 is in a bracket of not less than 50 per cent and can conceivably find a portion of his income in a 91 per cent bracket. Thus, because of tax exemptions, a large part of what passes for private philanthropy is in reality paid for with public funds, that is, with funds that would otherwise have been paid into the public treasury. What is "private" about "private philanthropy" is the choice of which charity or school is to be the recipient. So we get the contradictory situation of a rich individual electing to endow a segregated school, for instance, with money which, in effect, comes from white and Negro people who, if offered the opportunity, would not have made such an election.

If a person wishes to support a church of his choosing or a school to his liking, I firmly believe that he should have that right within the law. But just as firmly do I believe that he should *not* have the right to compel me to do likewise.

Ought we not, then, to abolish income-tax exemption for charitable contributions?

JACOB GOLDBERG

Chicago, Ill.

Road to Madness

Dear Sirs: Carl Dreher's articles are witty and unusual. His last contribution, in your issue of February 1, closes with the semi-facetious observation that "If we don't get killed first, we shall go mad." Surely, if we do go mad, it will be because we have been driven from sanity by organized lying. Modern nationalistic lie-factories label their output as "news . . . analyses . . . information . . . intelligence," etc. They doubtless claim absolution from guilt because they are propagandists for "freedom." This recalls what H. G. Wells wrote in his *Outline of History*: "Men who might scorn to lie in everyday life, will become unscrupulous liars and cheats when they have given themselves to propaganda." Can a people nourished on lies be free and can the few sincere ones all remain sane?

J. R. KEISTER

Greensburg, Pa.

But What Do the People of West New Guinea Want?

Dear Sirs: Mr. C. P. Fitzgerald, in his article, Australia's Explosive Neighbor (*The Nation*, February 1, 1958), has done a disservice to the Asian revolution and to restoration of sanity in international affairs by lending his voice to the arsenals of international reaction.

It is discouraging to hear an Australian intellectual, who must have reacted with more than apathy when Australia unexpectedly became "responsible for the other half of New Guinea" after the abrupt decline of another empire, speak of a "crisis" in the most normal process of this age in Asia, with a generous display of manufactured myths and dreamed-up threats. He is saner in the very small section of his article, where he speaks of "the Indonesian gift for avoiding extreme action."

The absurdity of his main argument reaches its climax when he says: "The country [Indonesia] claims to be the successor state of the Netherlands East Indies—just that, no more, no less." He continues: "It is not a nation founded on unity of race or religion, but a political entity which owes its existence to the transfer of Dutch sovereignty in the former colonial empire of the Netherlands to the native inhabitants, who formed the Indonesian Republic to inherit this empire." Inherit an empire—poor phrase indeed, to describe a colonial revolution. What nation can Mr. Fitzgerald name among the newly-independent Asian nations that has been "founded on unity of race or religion"? At the final Hague Conference, a decision on the status of West New Guinea was not reached mainly because of the Indonesian weakness, both political and military. This is the main root of the present "crisis," and the circumstances do not demand an issue to be made out of the diversity in race and culture at this time.

The United Nations, the body which did not even accept the Indonesian plea for further discussions on the matter, has never played a decisive role in colonial issues—and never will, as long as the power blocs refuse to throw off the fetters of power politics.

HARVEY CHO-KE

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Made in the U. S.

Now that Premier Gaillard has elected to defend the murderous French raid on the Tunisian village of Sakiet Sidi Yussef—and won endorsement for his stand by a 335 to 176 vote in the Chamber—the question of whether the raid was originally authorized by the Government is of only historic interest. More: the Premier's action compounds the folly of the raid and is itself a warning to Washington that the French are capable of incalculable follies in the future. On the subject of North Africa, the rational French have lost the capacity to reason. Nowadays even their aim is faulty. As one Tunisian observer commented: "Somehow they hit all the targets that are supposed to be spared in civilized warfare: women, children, schools and Red Cross vehicles." Not since Mussolini's gallant airmen strafed and bombed Ethiopian villages has the world witnessed such wickedness in North Africa.

But if the French are suffering from a national psychosis, we at least should be capable of taking sober stock of a situation in which our interests and good faith are directly at stake. American equipment was used in the raid. Mr. Dulles cannot blunt the implications by trying to make the issue turn on whether the French actually violated the particular agreements under which each item of equipment was purchased or bestowed. The Tunisians are in no mood to appreciate his celebrated legal subtleties, nor to distinguish narrowly between the attitudes of the various Western powers. Bourgiba's Neo-Destour Party, in a stinging rebuke, has cut to the heart of the issue that confronts Washington: "The B-26s and Corsairs which sowed death were American as much as they were French. . . . Hard reality is teaching us each day that to hang on to the West only produces a harvest of rebuffs, humiliations and, between gestures of charity, bombs." Ernest Zaugg's article in this issue (p. 151) points up the ominious change that is taking place in North African feeling toward the United States over the issue of arms. Last summer *The Nation* was one of the few American publications to endorse Senator John Kennedy's resolution on Algeria which was widely denounced at the time as "a blow to Western unity." We said then, and repeat now, that the real point of the proposal was that the French need help if they are to be saved from their own follies; that the time has come for France's allies and friends to join with those inside France who seek a settlement by negotiation. Senator Kennedy's proposal, submission of the North African crisis to the United Nations and the North Atlantic Council, suggests the basic policy (see editorial comment, *The Nation*, July 20, 1957, p. 21); but an interim arms embargo has now become imperative. As Mr. Zaugg points out, a really big blow-off is brewing in Algeria; there is not much time left to avert it.

The Lost Rule

Whatever may be said about the performance of the Federal Communications Commission and the other regulatory agencies, this much is evident: a high degree of bipartisan satisfaction has been registered by both the executive and legislative branches of the government. In fact it would be difficult to determine just who is least pleased with the current investigation of these agencies, Mr. Sherman Adams or Mr. Sam Rayburn. For example, on the motion to remove Dr. Bernard Schwartz as counsel for the subcommittee, three Democrats, all Dixiecrats, joined with four Republicans to pass the motion, while three Democrats and one Republican opposed it. Usually Congress dotes on investigations but in this instance its enthusiasm was muted from the outset; perhaps because kinfolk are said to be involved (see The FCC Inquiry by Ronald W. May, *The Nation*, February 15, 1958). Usually, too, Congress favors public hearings, particularly where sensational disclosures are anticipated. But when Dr. Schwartz expressed a desire to question one of the FCC commissioners about a "controversial" decision involving TV Channel 10 in Miami, the chairman ransacked the rule book and came up with House Rule 11, Section 25, Paragraph m, which provides that investigating committees must meet in closed session to hear "evidence or testimony that may tend to defame, degrade or incriminate any person." Dr. Schwartz came to Washington about three years too late; we should have known about this rule before.

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Civil Rights: the Bipartisan Stall

With no resistance worth mentioning, the Senate Internal Security subcommittee has been granted a new appropriation, despite the fact that its counsel, Robert Morris, despairing of the committee's continued effectiveness, has just resigned to seek the Republican senatorial nomination in New Jersey. On the House side, an additional $305,000 has been granted the House Committee on Un-American Activities with only two "no's" on a voice vote. But a few days later, vexed and vigilant, bristling with indignation, the House refused to appropriate a penny to finance the work of the Civil Rights Commission for which the President had requested an appropriation of $750,000. The subcommittee's explanation, as voiced by its chairman, Representative George W. Andrews, Democrat, of Alabama, is that the Administration has not yet organized the commission. The Administration contends, however, that it can't organize the commission until funds are appropriated. In point of fact, the President could use contingent funds to get the commission under way but the commissioners have been unable to find, from names that all six members can agree upon, a person willing to serve as staff director. And, for that matter, the commission itself has not been confirmed. At this rate the commission may well expire before it can be organized. (See editorial comment, *The Nation,* January 18, 1958, p. 42.) Taking advantage of clumsy Administration tactics, the Dixiecrats have again flashed a green light to the inquistorial committees while holding the line against civil rights.

Hyphenated Scientists

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer has voiced the hope, on behalf of the American scientific community, that the public "could learn to understand what kind of beast a scientist is." Of better understanding there is obvious need, as the mere mention of Dr. Oppenheimer's name suggests. It was only yesterday that the scientist was tagged as the irredeemable egghead, bordering on chronic eccentricity, but quite harmless on the whole, that is, until proved to be some kind of security risk.

But now the public is acquiring a new and equally distorted image of the scientist. The new type is a man made not in the likeness of Albert Einstein, but an eminently practical man, half-warrior, half-geopolitican, with no nonsense or poetry about him. For this new image, American scientists are largely indebted to Dr. Edward Teller and Dr. Wernher von Braun, or, in *Time-Life* jargon, "brush-browed" Teller, "the father of the H-bomb," and "bull-shouldered missileman von Braun." Dr. Teller, a physicist by training, assures us in a recent issue of *Life* that the worldwide fallout from bomb tests "is as dangerous to human health as being one ounce overweight, or smoking one cigaret every two months." He may be right and the 9,000 scientists, including some eminent geneticists, who recently signed a statement calling for a suspension of bomb tests, may be wrong. It is the tenor of Dr. Teller's comments that we find objectionable. Bomb tests are premonitory blasts of a war to come, yet Dr. Teller writes of them with a glibness and complacency that is repulsive. Even the repellent caption, "Father of the H-bomb," draws no disclaimers from Dr. Teller; he glories in it. Von Braun is a more amiable type and this despite the fact, as even *Time* reports, that his transfer of loyalty from Nazi Germany to this country came "too fast, too easy . . . to some." In a special statement to *Time,* von Braun voices his dislike of the earth which is an unpredictable, disorderly place, "full of people."

But Teller and von Braun are merely symbols. More significant is the recent White House "science-military dinner" at which some of the nation's top scientists were paired with the top military brass. Only one civilian, not a scientist, was present. Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., the ranking scientist, was placed in protocol just above the Vice Chiefs of Staff; Dr. Alan T. Waterman, director of the National Science Foundation, just under Lieut. Gen. James H. Doolittle. American scientists should be concerned about "science-military"; to hyphenate is to join and "science-military" today can read "military-science" tomorrow. Already the public is acquiring a new image of the scientist—not an egghead but the man who makes missiles for the military, that is, a military man minus a uniform.

The Forgetful FBI

For all its splendid system of files and records, the FBI has a woefully defective memory; it keeps forgetting the most-easily remembered items. Recently Mr. James T. Devine, a Justice Department lawyer, assured the Court of Appeals in Washington that no recordings or transcripts had been made of original interviews which Louis F. Budenz gave the FBI in 1945 shortly after his break with communism. Counsel had been assured by the Bureau that it had no such transcripts or recordings. Opposing counsel, in the particular proceeding, then requested that Bureau officials certify the fact in an affidavit. Instead of supplying the affidavit, the federal agency conceded to Mr. Devine that recordings had in fact been made.

Back in 1949, a similar failure of memory was also made a matter of record. In the first trial of Judith Coplon, Justice Department lawyers, with FBI representatives seated in the courtroom, assured Federal Judge Reeves that the FBI had not engaged in wire-tapping. It was later proved that at least thirty FBI agents had tapped the defendant's wires. Subsequently, in the second trial, Government counsel admitted that wire taps had been made, but reported that the bulk of the reports had been destroyed. A memorandum was then introduced

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in evidence from an FBI inspector in Washington to the assistant director in New York dated November 7, 1949, stating that in view of the immediacy of Miss Coplon's trial, the wire-taps should be discontinued "and all Administrative records in the New York office covering the operations of this informant"—records, that is, derived from the wire-taps—should be destroyed.

Apparently the Bureau has also forgotten this earlier lapse, for no precautions appear to have been taken to safeguard against these recurring bouts of amnesia.

The Old Class

Three old men of Belgrade—all over seventy—have been charged with plotting to overthrow the government of Yugoslavia and sentenced to prison terms ranging from four to eight and one-half years. The defense lawyers admitted that the men had written articles critical of the state, and of the Communist system, but claimed that "Freedom of thought and an exchange of views cannot constitute a criminal offense." That view was not upheld by the court.

The principal defendant, Bogdan Krekic, had written a book—unpublished—called *Profile of Tito's Yugoslavia*, which apparently reached conclusions similar to those of Milovan Djilas' *The New Class*. When asked in the trial if he wished to overthrow the regime, Mr. Krekic said: "I would correct it. I am not a supporter of the one-party system. My convictions are opposed to all dictatorships."

For these views, Mr. Krekic, Aleksandar Pavloviv and Dr. Milan Zujovic, were convicted on charges of plotting to overthrow the regime. The defense protested that these were but three old men; that "a plot would have required weapons and young men—not oldsters like these." As one of their lawyers put it: "They had met over coffee as old men will."

Survivors of The Old Class, they met over coffee and talked of a better life for their country, and now they will spend the last years of their own lives in jail.

Under French Fire . . *Ernest L. Zaugg*

Tetuan, Morocco

THE LIGHTS of the Moroccan village were growing fewer. The *muezzen* were calling the faithful to evening prayers. Before us was the vast, hot Sahara; behind us the pleasant coffee houses of Tangiers, Madrid, Paris. A soldier helped me mount my camel. There was laughing and joshing among my rebel companions. Then the civilian guide plodded on ahead in white, flowing gown and we followed on our camels silently into the dark.

For better or for worse, I had put myself into the hands of an army which, inexperienced and ill-equipped, was fighting both French colonialism and American arms. My companions on this caravan, who came mostly from the "civilized" Algerian coastland, were quite different from the simple Sahara nomads and Atlas mountaineers I was to meet later.

Take the doctor, for example, who called himself Avicenne, after a famous Arab doctor of the middle ages. He was, one could say, a "rich and pampered" intellectual. Doctors are so rare in Algeria—200 Algerian doctors for a population of nine million—that they are well paid and highly respected. France had stimulated him intellectually, and for that he loved her; but she had also offended him. The offense was symbolized by his passport which was like that of any Frenchman of European origin except that after his name there appeared the letters "F.M."—meaning French Moslem.

Now, like many Algerian intellectuals, he was leaving behind the good life and ten white silk shirts to join the *maquis* and fight the mother of his intellect. En route here in a European city, he had met a Frenchman and quarreled with him. "Yes," he said, "though France has made me a doctor, you can tear her from my heart, for she did not know how to give her gifts." After further violent words, the Frenchman had extended his hand and said, "Well, let us be friends. I see that you are a good Frenchman after all." "No, an Algerian," said the doctor, taking his hand.

The young students in our caravan could not write Arabic. They were as proud of their excellence in French as they were of their vial of poison which they were determined to use should they fall into the hands of the French. Each had his individual reason for hating French colonialism. (Though legally Algeria has become a department of France, as Iowa is a state of the union, colonialism remains almost unchanged.)

Abdul, a student of the law, complained that in his home town the municipal swimming pool, paid for by the taxes of all, was reserved for the French. Even in the Sahara heat it seems odd to fight a war for a good, cool swim, but for a boy a swim is very important; and later in life, Abdul found there were other pools in which he was not allowed to swim.

Omar was angry because he was refused training as a pilot, his boyhood dream. A French fellow-student—same age, same class, same rating—was accepted, but not Omar, because Omar was an Algerian. Now he has become a good night-fighter in a camel-commando troop.

Much of the determination and good fighting spirit of the young Al-

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ERNEST L. ZAUGG, roving freelance correspondent, specializes in small wars. He was in Indo-China during the war there.

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gerian soldiers comes from their feeling that the French school system in Algeria is unfair. It is, they say, calculated to impress upon the Algerians their own inferiority and the superiority of France and Frenchmen. Little or no time is given to the great contributions of Arabic culture; before France came there was nothing but tents, according to the teachers. One young Algerian had to stand up in school and recite: "When *we* conquered Abdel Kader. . . ." (Abdel Kader was an early fighter for Algerian independence.) One soldier said resentfully, "Our French teachers found it quite natural that there should be colonizers and colonized."

Many of these young soldiers would have liked to undertake advanced studies, but could not. The French encouraged them to take the *certificat d'etudes,* given between the ages of ten and fourteen, and then to stop. The cost of further study was prohibitive for most Algerian youth.

NOW the war has given many a young man in his early twenties great opportunities to assume responsibility and perform important tasks.

In an encampment in a dried river bed on the northern edge of the Sahara I met Ismet (all names are war names), aged twenty-one, who plans and supervises sabotage for a large area. He told me of the hard time financially that many Algerian students had at his university, where the sons of French *colons* had their own planes. He planned the destruction of the electricity plant at Laghouat, which cost the French three billion francs. With him was Yasin, twenty-eight-year-old medical student, who is the only doctor in an area the size of Luxembourg and Belgium. He has applied for a Fulbright scholarship to study medicine in the United States.

Some of the best rebel soldiers are ex-soldiers of the French army, well-acquainted with French ways and the French language. They have given the rebel army much of its French character. One officer I met has a French wife; as he says: "a true French, not a colonialist." Another fought with the French in North Africa against Rommel, at Casino and Stuttgart; then later in the Red River delta in Indo-China. He was captured at Dien Bien Phu.

These ex-French soldiers believe that they, with other North Africans, held France erect against Germany in two world wars and did most of her dirty work in the colonies. But instead of promotion, they claim they found a supercilious attitude on the part of the French officers, who sent them forward into the hottest action and then regarded them as stupid for permitting themselves to be so used. "We gave generously of our blood and did it gladly, but France did not appreciate it," they say.

Many were in Indo-China when they heard that the Algerian revolution had broken out three years ago. They deserted at the first chance.

THE AVERAGE rebel is neither a French-speaking intellectual nor an ex-French soldier, but an ordinary young farm or city boy, or desert nomad, who has volunteered or been called to arms. Mohammed is one of these, a former truck-driver of Algiers. His uniform is ragged and his bare feet—tough as a camel's hoofs—peer out of torn sneakers.

In the dark courtyard I waited on my camel and listened to him as he talked to the people of the village, who had fed us warm soup and roast lamb in a cozy room as we reclined on thick, soft carpets.

"And when the French come," he was addressing himself to the villagers, "do not tell them where we are, for they will bomb us with their planes."

"Oh, no," they answered eagerly, "we will never do that. Give us guns and we will fight them."

The experiences which molded Mohammed's passionate spirit were of the commonest. He told me about them one desert night under the first tree we had seen in two weeks.

Once he was walking along the city street, singing, when a French policeman stopped him and asked him why he was singing. "But . . . I am just singing . . . cannot a man sing in his own country?" he answered. The policeman hit him with his club and he hit the policeman. At the station another policeman hit him and the judge said six months. Another time a Frenchman stepped on his feet in the cinema. "But after all I am a human being . . . you could at least say 'pardon me' . . . not a dog . . ." he protested. The judge said five months.

That is how Mohammed learned the secrets of group living under difficult conditions: how to save butts and string; how to hunt lice; how to be a good friend; how to speak to people who suffer.

That is how his resentment became eloquent.

The young rebels are in character wild and impetuous, so unlike the Vietminh foes of France in Indo-China, who were disciplined by the bit and the bridle of communism. Here there is no communism.

With their violent rebellion against France there is also a bitterness against the United States because the United States supplies France with the arms to fight them. One soldier saw the unloading in Algiers of NATO material from New York; another studied at the army engineering school in France where U.S. material is used almost exclusively; a third was in Indo-China where U.S. material was used. Everyone sees the GMCs crawling slowly along the mined roads and the great "Made in U.S." troop-carrying helicopters or "bananas," as they are called, landing on a hill to disgorge their load of forty-two French troops.

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Here, as in Indo-China, there is a humorous way of looking at U.S. aid to France. The Algerian rebels say, as the Vietminh used to say, "We are grateful to America for sending us so many things via France."

However, most of the talk I heard was angry and accusatory—very tiring for me, for I did not need convincing of the wrongness of the French using U.S. arms in Algeria.

TEN DAYS out of Morocco, in a Sahara grotto, civilians brought us news that the French were gathering soldiers for a big *ratissage,* or cleaning-up operation. We got on our camels and soon were safe miles away. The civilians, organized and patriotic, are one of the secrets of rebel success. Another is the clever use of topography.

In the South the Atlas mountains are the safe refuge or "tank" of the rebels. In a stretch of over 1,000 miles of mountains, the civilians bring them by night their lamb, vegetables and macaroni and, as a special treat, French cakes from Algiers. The civilians get paid, of course, for the rebels are not *fellagha* (highwaymen), as the French call them, but a government army with typewriters and records in duplicate and triplicate.

After my first experience of a French attack in the Atlas I felt as safe here as in New York. The rebels are scattered so thinly over this rough terrain that it is impossible for the French to corner any large number of them. Their positions are so favorable that any soldiers with a bit of determination—and they have lots—could hold them.

The French come with trucks and tanks as far as the road allows, and then continue on foot. To save ammunition the rebels wait until they are close and fire only to kill, so initial French losses are usually high. The French then send in planes and "bananas" and shoot cannon, but before the battle is well under way night falls and the rebels are free to take up new positions.

We at headquarters move from valley to valley. Our guide belongs to a local tribe which has always shot at strangers and cut roads. He finds us safe caverns, the ceilings of which are black with smoke from fires his tribe made in times of peace when it moved through these hills with sheep and goats. The guide has the self-assurance of one who knows his trade and feels that his services are appreciated. Sahara sharpshooters like him can bring down a swiftly running gazelle which a city man would hardly be able to see. With rifles they have brought down many a "banana" worth more than the assets of a whole tribe.

Every day three or four French planes fly overhead and the guards shout "tiarra" (plane). Camouflage is so good that the pilots have little chance of hitting a *fellagha.* Ashamed to go back with their load, they dump it in the nearest valley.

LAST NIGHT there was another wave of anti-Americanism around the fireless campfire. Again the rebels cursed U.S. arms and said that France would stop the war if Washington would call her off. Feeling ran so high that the chief of the group had to point out that the U.S. correspondent did not make U.S. policy and would be hit by the same bombs as the rebels.

This morning some left-over bombs were dumped nearby. They made a great noise and the planes buzzed menacingly. But then suddenly hot water, which had been difficult to get in this equalitarian society where everyone washes in cold water, became easy to get and everyone had a friendly grin.

The rebels' resentment against U.S. arms to France is only surpassed by their desire for some of their own. They have lots of small U.S. weapons, some old, some new, which they have taken or bought from the French. They need more and larger ones. Their army of 150,000 men could easily be increased to 500,000 if they had the arms.

Slowly the weapons of one province after another are being modernized. When the rebels have even a tenth of what the French have, there will be a big tum-tum in Algeria.

AKRON TESTS THE SIX-HOUR DAY

Less Work—Less Leisure . . *by Harvey Swados*

Akron, Ohio

> I regard the five-day week as an unworthy ideal . . . More work and better work is a more inspiring and worthier motto than less work and more pay . . . It is better not to trifle or tamper with God's laws.
>
> —John E. Edgerton, President of the National Association of Manufacturers (1926).

TIMES HAVE changed since the gentleman quoted above invoked the Deity in opposition to Henry Ford's revolutionary five-day week. Not that hard-pressed executives ceased thereafter to cite divine guidance as the source of their labor relations. A decade after Mr. Edgerton pointed to the Lord, sit-down strikers at the largest rubber plant in the world, Akron's Goodyear plant, provided one of the first tests of the new C.I.O., and in a nineteen-below-zero St. Valentine's Day blizzard, the scraggly crowd of determined workers marched up Market Street into the teeth of the gale. Little more than a year later, in March, 1937, the 10,000 workers of the Akron Firestone

HARVEY SWADOS' latest novel, On the Line, *deals with the auto workers. His article,* The Myth of the Happy Worker, *which appeared in* The Nation *of August 17, 1957, aroused widespread interest.*

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plant struck after four years of futile effort to get the company to recognize their union. Harvey Firestone was at his estate in Miami Beach. The teletype from Akron to Harbel Villa kept Mr. Firestone informed, but, we are assured by the authorized Firestone biographer, it "did not alleviate his feeling of distress at this cleavage. 'When the strike broke out in Akron it jarred me for a day or two. Then I concluded there must be some reason for it and that we could not help it, but the thing we should do was not to fight it but to stand on what we thought was right and then let matters stand, as it was God's will we were to have a strike

and there was a good reason for it, and it would be righted in the right time. . . .'"

IN THE Akron of today, it is hard indeed to realize that it was only twenty years ago that Harvey Firestone sent that philosophical message to his son, that it was only twenty years ago that the Firestone strikers threw up shacks of canvas, wood and tin as picket shelters at the freezing factory gates. Now this industrial city is clean, prosperous and not slum-ridden, and to the casual visitor the workers themselves are transformed, too; they are no longer the grimly huddled proletarians of those terrible and dramatic days. At a glance, they seem to epitomize the publicity ideal of the smiling middle-class American. And the union that helped to lead them out of the pit of the depression, the United Rubber Workers, is today not merely a well-housed and comfortably situated fraternal organization; it is a democratically-operated, decently-administered labor union, properly and profoundly concerned with the naggingly complex problems of its membership, and still so proud of its militant origins that it disputes with its big brother union, the Auto Workers, the claim to originating the weapon of the sit-down strike.

Just as it is hard to realize that the affable, self-assured workers cruising Akron's streets in late-model cars are often the same men who pounded up those streets as defiant strikers two decades ago, so it is hard to believe that much of the present leadership of their union, from President L. H. Buckmaster on down, consists of the very same men who founded the union and endured beatings and imprisonment in the course of their early struggles. Yet you will bump into them as you travel around town—George Bass in the International Office, Joe Childs at a restaurant, Jack Little at a meeting of his local; men whose names are already legendary, but who give the impression—along with the union's rank-and-file activists and "politicians"—of being more worried about the immediate future than proud of their accomplishments in what is already the remote past. Indeed, one might almost be tempted to characterize this mood, particularly among the rank and file, as one of uncertainty, of tentativeness of direction, of lack of confidence in whatever the ultimate goals may be. It is a mood strikingly different from the explosive élan of those who went out and built the C.I.O. because they were convinced beyond question that they were going to convert the rotten life of the American worker into the good life.

Ever since those dismal depression days, a portion of Akron's rubber workers have worked a six-hour day and a six-day week. The six-hour day was first instituted by the companies as a work-sharing (or poverty-sharing) device, but soon became so popular with the workers that they wrote it into their union constitution (one of their constitutionally-enshrined objectives is "To establish the six-hour day and the thirty-hour work-week with wage increases to compensate for the shorter time so that there will be no reduction in weekly earnings from such action"), and into their contracts with the Big Four of the rubber industry. Today it is an emotionally-charged article of belief, and even the most cursory inquirer in Akron soon becomes convinced that the delegate from Local 101 to the union's 1956 Los Angeles convention was hardly exaggerating when he cried from the floor: "We in the six-hour plant regard it as almost a religion."

IT IS this unique long-time experience with the shorter work-day that has lately made Akron a focus of interest as a possible forecast of what all America will be like in the era of the less-than-forty-hour week, an era that presently seems inevitable even if the Deity should once again be invoked by those who oppose its arrival. Already the town has been researched and written-up by *Fortune* and the *Wall Street Journal*, and it is increasingly referred to by those who write about and ponder the problems that will attend the shorter work-week: will people use the increased leisure wisely? will workers tend to hunt up second jobs? what will the social effects eventually be?

Unquestionably, the outlines of the social pattern of the future are here to be seen. But the first thing the visitor learns is the complexity of that pattern, and certainly before we are so brash as to generalize from this unique industrial instance we should at least note some of the special factors that must be taken into consideration in any speculation about the uses of leisure.

First, although about 30,000 rubber workers do work a six-hour day, six days a week, with the plants operating four shifts a day, they represent only about 15 per cent of the employees of the rubber industry. Most rubber workers, by special contractual agreements, are now on a straight eight-hour day with premium pay if they work the sixth day.

Second, even in some of the six-hour shops there are departments or

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divisions (mostly the crafts) which work eight-hour shifts.

Third, in only two cities outside Akron do Rubber Workers' locals have six-hour contracts.

(These first three points acquire a special significance when you realize that the hourly rate for the eight-hour man is contractually lower, even for the same work, than that of the man in the six-hour plant—but that he may take home somewhat more money if his plant regularly works a sixth or overtime day. To put it mildly, the union membership is not united on the question of which working day is better.)

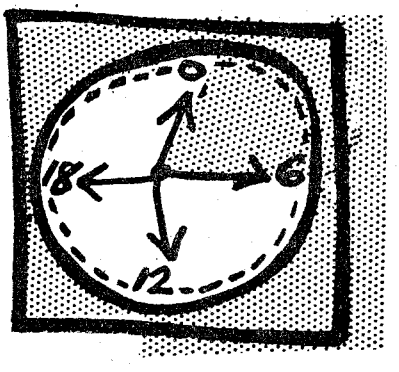
Fourth, Akron cannot be regarded as a typical American industrial city, if only because its population is virtually homogeneous with a relatively small percentage of immigrants. They call Akron "the capital of West Virginia." It would seem obvious that people who have come up by the thousands out of the hill country to make steady money building tires are going to use their leisure somewhat differently from those who came over from Europe to make ladies' garments or pig iron, but also to escape oppression and to build a future for their children.

Fifth, the city is relatively characterless—partly because the Southerners are still so deeply rooted in their home country that they return at every opportunity, and partly because the rubber barons have not seen fit to dispense largesse in any considerable amount in the community which produces their wealth or to indulge locally in those leisure-class hobbies which have given other cities their symphonies and art galleries.

Sixth, it seems most unlikely that any general shortening of working hours across the country will follow the unique Akron pattern. More probably we are going to see unions pressing for work-weeks like the Garment Workers' seven-hour, five-day week, or the Auto Workers' momentarily-abandoned, but very much alive proposed eight-hour, four-day week. The difference in effect of each system is almost incalculable. For example, who is going to be more willing and able to work at a second job: the man who works a six-hour, six-day week, or the one who will work an eight-hour, four-day week?

Seventh, there has been no large-scale, careful study of the uses of leisure by Akron rubber workers. With the exception of a cursory union survey, there has not been an attempt to find out exactly how many of them hold down a second job. Therefore, given the complexity of the six-hour-eight-hour pattern, no one can say with confidence that the man who works shorter hours does in fact lead a measurably different life—in terms of what he does with his off-hours—than his fellow on the more traditional eight-hour day. In all honesty we must be limited at this point to impressionistic hunches and conjectures, which in the present instance are based on observation and on conversation with workers.

WHAT CAN we learn from the experience of these Americans who have been living with the short workday for a generation? Quite a lot.



First of all, the research director of the Akron Chamber of Commerce estimates that there are about 52,000 women workers in an Akron labor force of 195,000 persons. Now it is true that one out of three in the national labor force of some 65,000,000 is a woman, and that the Akron ratio is apparently somewhat smaller. But when you remember that Akron is primarily a city of heavy industry, the figure is staggering—particularly when you learn that some 60 per cent of the Akron working women are married. In short, 30,000 housewives in this area are not only housewives but wage-earners too, and not on an emergency war-time basis but as steady workers, accumulating seniority, looking for paid vacations and working toward retirement pensions alongside their men.

Not exactly alongside, however. The wife in Chicago or New York who works will probably leave home with her husband in the morning and meet him at home for supper. Not so in Akron, where the four six-hour rubber-plant shifts make it easier for the wife to work a shift which will still enable her to keep house, and for the husband to work one which will enable him to baby-sit while his wife works. If, in addition, he has a *second* job, which as we will see is often the case, he is going to be able to spend only a few hours a week alone with his wife. Their children, often looked after by grandma or by baby-sitters, are causing heads to shake anxiously over increasing juvenile delinquency. Togetherness is never going to penetrate very far into the household where the adults are holding down multiple jobs; for every three marriage licenses issued here last year, there was one suit filed for divorce. And we have to bear in mind that this looks more and more like a permanent phenomenon, as working wives strive not just for that extra paycheck (the federal government takes a healthy bite out of it every year), but for security, for hospitalization, medical care, vacations, pensions.

WE MIGHT note parenthetically at this point that a Gallup poll taken last year indicated that, on a national basis, women were opposed to the idea of a four-day week by a three-to-one margin. No reasons were given, but it seems only logical that a housewife who normally puts in a twelve-hour day and must continue to do so (like the farmers, who were predictably opposed to the four-day week by a four-to-one margin) would resent such a lightening of the burden of others. Besides, there is the fear that the husband who is off for three days may become less responsible, drink more, run around more. Nevertheless, I should be very much surprised if a poll were to show anything like this feeling among the women of Akron,

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who have learned from experience that the shorter day gives them more of what they want—even if it is only the opportunity to go out and become wage-earners themselves.

What else have the Akron rubber workers been doing with those extra hours? The stroller down South Main Street on a Monday evening, when the stores are open late, will get one or two ideas, provided he isn't run over (per capita auto registration here last year was second only to Los Angeles). Husbands and wives are clustered in the brilliantly-lit do-it-yourself supermarkets, picking over wall-coverings for the bathroom and floor-coverings for the rumpus room. Home ownership is high—seven out of ten Akron families live in their own homes—and men who work only six hours a day can put in a good deal of time fixing and repairing, building a garage, paving a driveway, adding an extra room.

The bowling alleys are jammed, the poolrooms do well, the neighboring waters are stocked with power boats, and last year Summit County sold the fantastic number of 67,400 hunting and fishing licenses to local residents (there are a little over 300,000 people in Akron).

THE churches can't complain, either. The people up from West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee take their religion seriously, many of them tithe as a matter of course and of conscience, and they go in heavily for revivalism and fundamentalism. The Temple of Healing Stripes has free bus service to its Divine Healing Services; evangelists hold Old Fashioned Brush-Arbor Revivals and show Signs! Wonders! Miracles! every night in the summertime; and Rex Humbard is supervising construction of the Cathedral of Tomorrow, Calvary Temple, The Largest Church Auditorium Built In This Generation.

Other cultural manifestations are somewhat more muted. Living theatre is practically non-existent, there is no professional symphony, and although the Public Library is good, one can search the city in vain for a bookshop devoted to selling new books. (There are, to be sure, several which specialize in ecclesiastical tracts of various denominations, and a shop in the very shadow of a rubber plant which, despite the protestations of its owner that he caters to a steady clientele of "bookworms," seems to attract primarily young workers looking for what the proprietor calls "strictly legal" sex and girlie books.)

At this level, then, Akron rubber workers do not seem to spend their extra off-hours very differently from their brothers across America. What the others are doing, *they* are doing —and then some. We can even say this of the one big question not touched on thus far, the second job. A Federal Census Bureau survey published in the summer of 1957 found some 3,700,000 persons to be multiple job-holders. This figure is about double what it had been six years before, and it works out to about 5.5 per cent of the country's total employed.

Now there cannot be a single person in Akron who would claim—although everyone is guessing—that the percentage of rubber workers holding down two jobs is that low. Best guesses seem to agree that anywhere from one in seven down to one in five rubber workers holds a second full-time job, with a small fraction even managing two jobs on different shifts at different rubber plants. In addition, something like 40 per cent engage in some sort of part-time outside work. With such a discrepancy between the Akron picture and the national picture, the inference would seem obvious, although there are many rubber workers who heatedly deny it: the shorter day, even with a higher pay scale, increases the number of men who obtain second jobs as garage attendants, taxi drivers, bellhops, grocers, butchers, clerks, insurance salesmen, realtors, brokers, barbers, repairmen, bakers — yes, and engineers too.

I AM AFRAID that what I have said thus far has a cold and clammy ring to it; but the general picture must be clear before we can attempt to understand its meaning in the lives of the individual actors—the workers themselves. It is to be expected that *Time*, surveying the "moonlighting" (two-job) situation, should point out that there are those who "hail moonlighters as heirs to the spirit of the nation's founders and insist that hard work never hurt anybody." But when Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., asserted last fall that "The most dangerous threat hanging over American society is the threat of leisure . . . and those who have the least preparation for leisure will have the most of it," one wonders whether he realized that it was the *enforced* leisure of the layoff that was soon to threaten American workers, and that all too often it was the memory of previous enforced leisure that was driving them into moonlighting, into destroying their leisure by racing from one job to the other while the jobs were still there to be had?

It is unlikely that Mr. Schlesinger was thinking in these terms. One can agree with his warning only if one takes a long-term view; it can hardly be immediately comforting to those workers who have not accumulated sufficient seniority to avoid being laid off in the current slump, like the two ladies with fourteen years' seniority who sat biting their lips, jobless, in an Akron coffee shop. Or (to cite a perhaps less suspect source), like Kenneth Marxmiller of the Caterpillar plant in Peoria. "It affects my wife more than me," said Mr. Marxmiller to a *Life* reporter (January 27, 1958). "She just sits and cries. . . ."

NOR is it likely that Mr. Schlesinger could foresee how rapidly his analysis would be vulgarized into the grossest sort of caricature. The *Saturday Evening Post* of January 11, 1958, has a short story entitled Holiday for Howie and subtitled: *At first glance it seemed terrific, a four-day work week! But then he found there was a catch in it.* . . . The catch, it turns out, is that Howie rapidly gets bored with all that leisure. He takes to sleeping late on those long weekends, and when his wife declines to go gallivanting around the country with him (her responsibility to house and children continues on his days off), he looks up an old school friend, now a rich bachelor leading an idle, dissolute life. They drink together,

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which is what Howie had been looking forward to, but the friend reveals that he is not really happy or free; he is drinking himself to death from boredom and loneliness. Shocked, Howie goes to the beach to Think Things Out:

> He hadn't learned to handle time. All he could do was try to kill it. . . . And all the while, crazily, more time being made. Household gadgets to save time for the housewife, for what? So that she can spend the afternoon playing cards? And all the freeways built to save time, for what? So that people traveling at breakneck speed can get home ten minutes earlier to have an extra cocktail before dinner? And science adding years to a man's life, for what? So that at eighty he can learn to dance? . . . Speed, and time to be filled, is that all our civilization has contributed? He felt like crying and he didn't know why.

Lying there, Howie discovers the secret—Time opens out for him into Eternity. He hurries home to explain this to his wife—a large order—and to tell her that he has decided to take a second job, one which will fill two of his three free days, because:

> ". . . Time is not for me. Some people can handle it. I can't. . . ."
>
> "Oh, Howie." There was love and admiration in her muffled voice. And vague regret.
>
> "Cheer up, Doll. Think what we can do with the extra money—lots of things. Think what we can get—a new car, with all the gadgets! Color TV! Air conditioning! We'll really be living! Smile, Doll!"
>
> THE END

It is characteristic of the corrupt sub-literature of the mass media, as it used to be of Fascist propaganda, that it is thoroughly capable of seizing on some of the most agonizing and centrally important human problems and distorting them into grotesque and semi-comic horror stories, which relate only weirdly to the way people really think and feel.

THEN WHAT DO the workers believe? Every Akron worker with any consciousness of his position in society starts with one unalterable and clearly-understood premise: he is a member of a declining labor force. On November 1, 1951, the Goodrich plant in Akron had 11,475 employees on its rolls; on May 4, 1956, it had 8,500 employees. It is true that the company moved some of its operations to more modern and hence more competitive plants elsewhere, as well as to plants working eight-hour shifts (with lower hourly rates); but this only serves to sharpen the worker's realization that automation, rationalization and continually developing industrial technology are, before his very eyes, cutting down on the number of human beings needed to manufacture goods.

He sees himself in a situation not unlike that of the farmer. With productivity steadily increasing at the rate of about 3 per cent a year, he will be able to protect himself and his family only by moving from the manufacture of goods to the delivery of services, as the farmers have gradually moved to the cities (the two-job situation can be partially interpreted as the beginning of such a shift—very often the second job is a service job, whether it be cutting hair or selling real estate), or by spending less hours per week producing goods. I was not too surprised to hear several workers say that they believed eventually the government would have to subsidize labor as it has subsidized the farmer. "You can call this socialism if you want," one added aggressively. "The point is the problem is bigger than we are and it has to be solved in a big way."

Here again is something the Akron worker has come to see: the problem of the shorter work-week, of increased leisure versus a second job, is bigger than he is, it is bigger even than his 220,000-member union, and it has implications that may make it too big even for his senior partner, the million-membered Auto Workers Union, whose lead he has traditionally followed (although the development of the plastic industry and of such products as foam rubber and pliofilm are making Akron somewhat less directly dependent on Detroit's prosperity). And he is badly split.

He is split not only when an eight-hour local opposes a six-hour local (the international union, which has been seriously trying to achieve work-week uniformity so that it can bargain across the country for pay-rate uniformity, presented its program clumsily to the last convention and was voted down by the six-hour men and the abstainers). He is split in discussions within his own local. And most serious and pregnant of all, he is sorely split in his own mind.

Every rubber worker with whom I spoke was agreed that the rising unemployment in Akron would vanish at once if all men working second jobs were to leave them. Were they therefore agreed that all two-jobbers should be compelled to give up the second job? No.

Again, no one knows for sure, but there seems to be a consensus that the men who are out moonlighting are mostly in the thirty-five to fifty age bracket. Men older than that

often have their homes paid off; their wants are more modest; they are looking forward to retirement and pension. They are over the hump. The youngsters in the six-hour shops have never worked any longer hours; this seems plenty long enough to spend in a filthy, noisy place where the acrid stench of hot rubber is never absent. And some of them can and do go to Akron University while they are working. It is the men who remember the depression who apparently comprise the bulk of the two-jobbers—they and the young men with wives and children who have concurrent payments to meet

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(sometimes of staggering amounts) on house, car, TV, furniture and appliances. And, as the very men who oppose the two-job frenzy demand: "Can you blame them?"

WHAT IS wrong, then, with a man going out and getting a second job? In reply the workers themselves will tell you horror stories far more shocking than any dreamed up by a slick fictioneer. They will tell you of a Negro worker found to have twelve years of seniority at one rubber plant and thirteen at another, and finally forced to choose between them, when the fact that he had been working seventy-two hours a week not for a few months, but for a dozen years, was brought to light. They will tell you of workers taking second jobs at small independent eight-hour rubber shops and being told frankly by their new boss that he had secured contracts on the basis of their working for him for less than the union scale in the Big Four. They will tell you of two men splitting an eight-hour shift at a gas station in their "leisure" time, and thus depriving one job-hunter of full-time work. They will tell you of their brother union members driving cabs for scab wages, cutting hair for scab wages, painting houses for scab wages. They will tell you of their terrible shame when a member of their union's policy committee was found working a second job as a salesman in a department store even while the store was being picketed by the Retail Clerks' union for not paying a decent minimum wage. They will insist that the rubber companies themselves look the other way when a worker takes a second job (unless his efficiency is drastically lowered), because they know that the man with two jobs will be less likely to attend union meetings, that he will more easily accede to downgrading, that in general he will be far less militant than the man who relies solely on the income from his job in the rubber plant.

And then, almost in the same breath, they will say that this is a free country; that you can't stop a man from trying to get ahead; that if a man wants to drive himself to death for the privilege of sleeping in a $30,000 house it is his privilege; and that it is only reasonable for a man still as basically insecure as an industrial worker to make it while he can, to catch up while times are still good, to acquire some of the luxuries while they are still within his grasp.

IS THIS A preview of America's (and indeed the industrialized world's) future? As the work-week shrinks, will we be treated to the spectacle not of thousands, but of millions of workers scrambling to undercut one another, protected in the primary job by their union and bidding their labor for secondary employment at ruinously low rates? Will leisure become a term of mockery covering *longer* hours spent in working to obtain, and then to replace, household objects carefully engineered for rapid obsolescence? On this point, at any rate, some of the workers mix faith and optimism. They tend to agree, although they put it differently, with the magazine *Factory Management and Maintenance* (November, 1956), that the "Crux of the matter, on either a four- or five-day week, is whether general economic conditions and the worker's pay scale would put pressure on him to carry a second job for the added income, or allow him to enjoy the added leisure of a four-day week with a single job."

But the road toward that happy day is going to be, and is now, hard, rocky and painful. "Certainly it should not be expected that there should be eight hours of pay for six hours of work," Goodyear's Board Chairman P. W. Litchfield and President E. J. Thomas told their employees in 1953. Despite the fact that they did not invoke the Deity, they were not fooling. Employers generally are going to resist the better pay-less hours onslaught with everything they've got; unions will be forced by the logic of the situation to carry that onslaught forward with everything they've got.

When the dust has settled—and a good many human beings have suffered in the struggle to achieve it—we will probably find ourselves in the era of the shorter work-week. *Then* Mr. Schlesinger's warning of a populace trained to work but not to live will be seen in all its force—and in all likelihood it may be too late to do anything about it in a missile-maddened, consumption-crazy society premised on lunacy and buttressed by hypocrisy. It is not to be expected that the unions, deeply absorbed as they are in daily grievance wrangles and protracted contractual fights, are going to devote themselves to thoroughgoing studies and forecasts of the leisure hours of their membership. Besides, as one tough but weary old militant put it to me ruefully: "We've been so worried these past years about subversives that we haven't hired or inspired any of the young hotheads. The banks and the law firms aren't afraid of the independent-minded kids—they snap them up—but we've been scared of radicals here in the union and as a result we're not attracting the kind of minds who could help us plan for a different future, the way we used to attract them when we were first organizing."

THE problem of what two hundred million of us will do with our increasing leisure time—and just as we have been watching Akron, so two billion will be watching the two hundred million—is so awesome in its magnitude as to be terrifying. Isn't that all the more reason for it to capture the imagination of our younger generation of social scientists, as the conquest of other worlds is supposed to be capturing the imagination of the physical scientists?

We must persist in the confidence that the best of the new intellectuals will break free of the internal isolationism, the exclusive concern with career and family, which has preoccupied them in common with most Americans for the past decade and more, and will undertake audaciously the task of outlining a social order in which both work and leisure will be rationally based. What is needed is a social order in which, most important of all, the masses of man will be protected against the swelling flood of "entertainment" opiates in order that they may be energized to search freely for new patterns of spontaneous living for themselves and their children.

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The Influence of Edmund Wilson

The Dual Tradition

Robert E. Spiller

THE HIGH PLACE of Edmund Wilson in modern American literary criticism has been slow of recognition because he has always seemed to play the role of counselor, interpreter and friend to his fellow writers and readers rather than that of lawgiver or of chronicler. Because most of his critical essays have been in the form of reviews of current books in such journals as the *Dial,* the *New Republic* and the *New Yorker,* his philosophical depth and his historical perspective have not always been appreciated. Yet he has been, from the twenties down to the present, a leading voice among those critics who cling to the conception of a work of art as an expression of its own creator and of the culture which produced him. An historical critic rather than a literary historian, he has done more than anyone else in his time to make the master works of his contemporaries intelligent to their own readers and to assign to them the values which posterity in many cases must accept. In this first of three essays in tribute to his achievement, it is my task to sketch in the outlines of the modern movement in American literary criticism so that, in his turn, Mr. Wilson may find his place in the literary hierarchy. The essays which follow will discuss his work as critic and journalist in more detail.

The late F. O. Matthiessen, speaking of the state of American poetry in the years prior to 1948, warned against the "serious cleavage" it revealed "between what we have learned to call mass civilization and minority culture." In broader terms, the same cleavage has tended to divide our critics into two principal groups: that which has made persistent efforts to read and evaluate literature as an immediate expression of life and that which has made it an object of aesthetic experience in itself. The issue is, of course, the old one between emphasis on content and emphasis on form, but it has gained a peculiar force in a time when the United States was producing a body of literary work which was at once violently critical of its own social ideals and institutions and obviously successful as works of art. Whatever his special school of thought, the critic today must choose whether for him literature is a means or an end—whether to look closely at the novel, play, or poem in order to understand and evaluate better the life behind it and within it, or merely to understand it as an object in itself and to rise with it from the complexities of actual experience to a plane of ideal order. For T. S. Eliot and the so-called "New Critics" the role of literature is mainly the latter; for Edmund Wilson and the socio-historical critics it is mainly the former.

THE cleavage between these two groups dates back to the late nineteenth century when William Dean Howells was calling for a "truthful treatment of material" and his close friend Henry James was admonishing: "Try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost" so that fiction may thus produce a total illusion of life rather than life itself. The facts that they remained friends and that subsequent literary historians classed them both as "realists" suggest that these early glimpses of the issue were abortive. It was not until the new literature came out in force that the voice of mass civilization in a Theodore Dreiser so dramatically challenged that of the minority culture in a Barrett Wendell.

The literary radicalism of the next period was somewhat vague as to the social philosophies behind its protest, but it seemed consistent because it attacked the vested interests of nineteenth-century gentility and called with a single voice for awareness of the rising power of America and of the raw violence and conflict which the new civlization revealed. Van Wyck Brooks called attention to the conflict between the "high-brow" and the "low-brow" in letters, Randolph Bourne saw the issue as one between complacent age and rebellious youth, and H. L. Mencken led the attack on the "Puritans" and the "Professors." The vague mirage of "Socialism" promised solution to the problems thus laid bare except when the more daring critics leaned to the then leftist extreme of "Anarchism" or to an even more sinister rightist form of anti-democracy. The seeds of later dogmatisms were all present, but none were defined as yet explicitly.

IT WAS at this time (1920-21) that Edmund Wilson returned from his medical corps service in France and became managing editor of *Vanity Fair,* and that T. S. Eliot, by then permanently located in London, became the editor of the *Criterion* (1923). The two major critical voices of the new era of literary fulfillment had chosen their rostrums and their philosophical angles of vision.

Wilson himself recognized the wide difference between his position and Eliot's when, in his Princeton address of 1941, "The Historical Interpretation of Literature," he summarized Eliot's essay on "Tradition and the Individual Talent" and pointed out that the relating of a work of art to its own "ideal order" rather than to its own time, place and authorship is a comparative rather than an historical method. He also attempted to distinguish his own method from

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the apparently historical but actually chronological impressionism of Saintsbury. He then sought to find the roots of his own thinking in the tradition (in another sense) of Vico, Herder, Taine, Marx and Freud. In doing so, he drew up his own agenda. He did not plan to write a literary history, but he did plan to use the historical method in his criticism of individual works of art, and he looked upon his task rightly as a complex and demanding one.

Three of Wilson's books stand out from the rest of his work as direct attempts to apply this philosophy by dealing with the culture behind a group of authors: *Axel's Castle* (1931), *To the Finland Station* (1940) and *The Wound and the Bow* (1941). The first deals with Aestheticism, the second with Marxism and the third with Freudianism. In each case, he produced a book which went a long way toward giving a contemporary dogmatism its historical place and value and thus partially removing its sting.

IN attempting to define Symbolism in its historical setting and to examine the work of its chief proponents, *Axel's Castle* was, so to speak, carrying the war to the enemy; yet, in spite of a dubious linking of the movement with historical Romanticism, Wilson pinpointed the central critical issue of the time. Here for the first time, the intentions and techniques of an international group (Yeats, Eliot, Joyce, Proust, Stein and Valéry) are brought under review, and the meaning of each made brilliantly clear by relating it to the common meaning, as Wilson sees it, in the movement. Thus, in six cases, the historical method illuminates the critical judgment, even though the result is not quite literary history. A dogmatism is broken down and made to serve rather than master its adherents. Writers who, by their own principles, reject historicism, are found to have historical setting and to be what they are largely because of it.

To the Finland Station is a similar *tour de force*. While contemporaries who shared with Wilson the conviction of social responsibility in letters were being carried, during the late thirties, into various degrees of commitment to organized communism and fascism, Wilson reported, in *Travels in Two Democracies* (1936), on his visit to Russia and then took a Guggenheim fellowship year to study Marxism in its historic setting. The result gave the group of disillusioned spiritual exiles a reasoned analysis of this dogmatism when the Russo-German pact revealed the fallacy of identifying idealistic socialism with Russian politics. A comparison of Wilson's application of the Marxist formula to literary criticism with the literary criticism and history of Max Eastman, Granville Hicks, V. F. Calverton, Newton Arvin and many others reveals the difference between the concepts of an ideology as servant and as master.

The third dogmatism of the time to come under Wilson's review was Freudianism. The *Wound and the Bow* follows the pattern of *Axel's Castle* in that a series of studies of individual authors is concluded by an essay which provides the clue to their common meaning. In this case, the wound of Philoctetes provides Sophocles with a psychological reason for the myth of the unerring bow of Apollo. Again, the Freudian formula is related to the larger mythical

The Garden God

Style is the water out of Homer,
The way it flows. It never flows
The same from the stone orifice
Down into the garden pool.

Mark then that majestic head
And fount of heavenly declension,
The bubbles in the basin
Making a merry noise and music.

Style is large and god-like, as if
An elegance made life-like, and
It seems to be an absolute,
Curly locks, blind eyes, and sound.

Yet every day the water plays
Differently from Homer's mouth.
Each time I look thereon
New enticement amazes me.

The winds of time will play the tune,
A bird will come to sip alone,
A cat will change the water-scene
With arch and ritual concern.

I do not see our Homer plain.
I see him melodious or restive,
I feel the tensions of the day,
The quick alarms, acclaims of change.

Style is by water life-like
And is not what it seems to be,
The absolute good of the god's mouth
And his imperial esteems.

Style is magical despair
Lest from the fount and source and power
A single drop or grain
Should lose itself from life's rich main

And it is plain for each to see
In dream and consequence,
The order of the oak and grass,
The waving water's sound.

Or so I think replete
With multitudinous harmonies
On any day in summer here
In the garden where our Homer is.

RICHARD EBERHART

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traditions of literature before being applied directly, as it was by Ludwig Lewisohn, Waldo Frank, Van Wyck Brooks and many lesser critics, to the neuroses of authors. And again Wilson provided an historical dimension to modern American literary criticism without himself writing literary history.

The school of critics of which Wilson is thus a leader was disrupted during the thirties and forties by the conflicting strengths of these and other distracting dogmatisms. A few critics like Malcolm Cowley, Maxwell Geismar, F. O. Matthiessen, Alfred Kazin and Lionel Trilling have shared with him the task of keeping alive the intimate relationship between the work of art and its culture, but the group as a whole lacks the coherence and commitment of its analytical opposite. Whether the temperate liberalism of these genuine critics will survive one more dogmatism remains to be seen.

Wilson as Critic

Richard Chase

EDMUND WILSON has been called "America's foremost critic" for so long that we have forgotten what we meant, more than two decades ago, when we began to call him that. To be so famous for so long is to suffer a certain isolation. And I think that now when some people refer to "America's foremost critic," it is really a way they have of shelving him, on the dusty upper shelf, along with the other classics and commercials of which they remain conscious but do not turn to for guidance or pleasure. It has been easy to read Wilson's *New Yorker* pieces of recent years, good as these have often been, without caring to recall what it was that once made him pre-eminent—namely, that he was the most intelligent and articulate member of the radical *avant-garde.*

Furthermore, partly for good, partly for ill, Wilson has isolated himself from the currents of thought and opinion in which most literary critics have been swimming for the last decade and a half. This he admits, in fact declares, in his illuminating *A Piece of My Mind* (1956). Not only that; he feels alienated from modern America itself and tells us that when he looks through *Life* magazine he feels that he does not "belong to the country depicted there." The advanced critic, cosmopolitan and *au courant* when he published *Axel's Castle* in 1931, sounds in *A Piece of My Mind* like an irascible village atheist, a small-town intellectual of the pre-Civil War days—named, one likes to imagine, Pudd'nhead.

Many people of the Eisenhower Age who call Wilson "America's foremost critic" do not have their eye on him but on the "highbrow," "advanced," or "new" critics, whom they wish to belabor. At the same time that some of the highbrows have been abandoning him for more exact and stringently formal critics, Wilson has become a middlebrow talking point in the campaign against highbrows in general, and there have been times when he has unhappily seemed to lend himself to this campaign. This has blurred the image of Wilson, until it is hard to recall what his really great qualities are. Clifton Fadiman, for example, tells us that his ideal critic is "Edmund Wilson or Gilbert Highet or John Mason Brown." When Mr. Fadiman says this, he means among other things that the ideal critic has broad interests, has flexibility of judgment and style, does not concern himself unduly with merely technical literary questions, sees literature in its cultural and historical context, writes in a clear and readable manner. Above all, what he means is that the ideal critic inhabits the solid and humane middle ground of taste and opinion, avoiding the intellectual perverseness of the highbrow and the vulgarity of the lowbrow. There may be something to be said for this view, yet the basic trouble with it is that in America the middle ground of taste and opinion does not exist, except as a swampy intellectual morass, or, to look at it another way, a merchandising device for the exchange of tastes and ideas.

In any case, the virtues of Mr. Fadiman's ideal critic are not what make Wilson Wilson (rather than Highet or Brown), virtues though they may truly be. His pre-eminence, now as always, derives from his radical intransigence and the force of a strongly individualistic intelligence. Without these, Mr. Fadiman's "virtues" are as naught, and his blurred image of Wilson tells us more about the Eisenhower Age than about anything else.

ANOTHER blurred image of Wilson, which has considerable currency in academic halls, is that of the younger "new" critics. They generally discount the historical method as irrelevant to the exegesis of the text. They point out that Wilson is not a good reader of modern poetry. They think of him as a kind of culture or idea monger, whose chief function is popularization and whose main critical device is the paraphrase—the paraphrase, like the historical method, being, we are told, a fallacy. It is true that, especially in his later writings, Wilson seems somewhat carried away by his own great skill in the art of paraphrasing works of literature. But the younger "new" critics fail to see that paraphrase, like translation and parody, at which Wilson is also adept, is for him a critical act, a legitimate way of explicating and judging, not merely popularizing, works of literature. Wilson has stuck to the highroad of modern thought that comes down from the Enlightenment, believing that intelligence by nature paraphrases, translates and parodies experience in order to organize it, or, as he writes in "A Preface to Persius" (reprinted in *Shores of Light,* 1952), in order "to strike some permanent mark of the mind on the mysterious flux of ex-

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perience." He does not see the mind as primarily a symbol-making machine, as so many of the newer critics do (and as do the sociologists and psychiatrists whom literary people have been studying during the last decade).

Wilson's historical approach to literature has been proving itself admirably for about thirty years now. He derives it from Vico, Herder, Taine, Ste.-Beuve, Marx and others, as he has explained in a lecture of 1941 called "The Historical Interpretation of Literature." To be sure, Wilson's historicism has been a somewhat *ad hoc* affair, less a method than a search for a method. But it has given significance to what might otherwise have been a formless and eclectic appetite for experience, and his ambitious pursuit of a historical method has been far more productive of valuable criticism than have the pat methods many other critics have settled for.

It was partly Wilson's historical approach—his belief that literary criticism ought to be "a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them"—that made *Axel's Castle* such a success. This book meant a great deal to me and my generation, when we read it in the thirties. Wilson became our intellectual hero, at that extended moment, before the Communist Left was totally invaded by middlebrow values, when a love of Eliot, Joyce, Proust and Yeats seemed compatible with radical politics. To read *Axel's Castle* today is to be struck with its continuing vitality. It is a novel experience to consider Joyce, Eliot, *et al.*, once again in a large context of ideas and of history, after so many purely exegetical commentaries. The skillful mind of the author is still there in force, even if we don't believe in the coming Socialist America. And we realize again that Wilson's appreciation of literature has never been seriously trammeled or distorted, either by his Marxism or by the quasi-Freudian method which, although he has always used it, found its fullest expression in *The Wound and the Bow* (1941).

THE younger "new" critics are right when they say that after his early phase Wilson lost touch with modern poetry, and his essay suggesting that verse is "a dying technique" is, as everyone says, a good example of historicism gone wrong. The critical procedures of R. P. Blackmur, John Crowe Ransom and Cleanth Brooks, as I gather, mean nothing to Wilson. I think that like any other critic he should have tried to learn from these exegetes and moralists. But he has plowed his own field and had his own supporters. I say "supporters" because "followers" are something he seems too irritable an individualist ever to have or want. Yet his influence has been great, and of the many critics who have learned from Wilson one might mention Newton Arvin, Lionel Trilling, F. W. Dupee, Philp Rahv, Alfred Kazin, Irving Howe, Harry Levin. But it would be futile to try to trace in detail Wilson's influence, so pervasive has it been not only in literary circles but in journalism and classrooms across the country. To use a somewhat artificial terminology, his characteristic service has been to bring the susceptible highbrow into touch with reality and to give to the susceptible middlebrow a notion of intellectual integrity and intransigence he would otherwise be likely to fear or scorn.

Henry James is one of the influences that have acted upon Wilson's thinking. And it was from James as much as from anyone that he learned what it meant to insist on high standards as he saw them, to search for "life," to cultivate the self, and to be entirely devoted to literature. It remained for Wilson, with an assist from such different critics as Mencken and the early Van Wyck Brooks, to do for American criticism what James did for the novel, and Whitman for poetry. These three writers made it possible to bring their respective literary forms for the first time, in this country, into a fully adequate possession of experience.

IN RECENT years Wilson has been thinking more and more about "Americanism," his own and others', as we see in *A Piece of My Mind*. He has been "getting up" various of the minor authors of the last century. True, outside of Poe and James, he seems to have made little contact with the "great" American books—*The Scarlet Letter, Moby Dick* and the rest. Yet his writing has always shown characteristic American traits. One of them is the radical individualism which makes him a descendant of Emerson and John Jay Chapman, on the latter of whom he has written one of his best essays (see *The Wound and the Bow*). Also there is his habit of seeing contradictions and antitheses—compare, for example, his observations on the two William Wilsons in Poe's story, his essay on Dickens called "The Two Scrooges," and his presentation of Marx as Prometheus and Lucifer in *To the Finland Station* (1940). This is an old American tendency, present in Emerson and Henry Adams, in Whitman and Melville, and it is traceable both to the nature of our democracy and to the Calvinist origins of our culture. On the evidence of *A Piece of My Mind* one might conjecture that this habit of thought was confirmed in Wilson by the strikingly dual personality of

Prologue At Midnight

The stories have all burned out like fires, and
The fires have died. Like water into sand
The flames have sunk into the hearths, the lights
Out of the windows, footsteps from the streets,
And the stories into the quiet rooms
Whose walls will melt around their sleep like flames
And yet not burn tonight. Only the stars
Do not sink in the night, but over the same wars
Burn late, and hang still on the same story,
As though there might yet be words for their glory,
Say from that old man hunched in the corner, blind,
Shaping the colors of a girl in his mind.

W. S. MERWIN

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his father. At any rate it probably antedates and in part explains his attraction to Marxist dialectic and to the antithesis of the wound and the bow—the sickness and health, that is, of the artist. This dialectical view is one of the things that give significance to Wilson's criticism.

There is no doubt that Edmund Wilson is rather weak on literary theory. He has never quite found that historical method, and his dialectics, like his aesthetic definitions, are sometimes thin and journalistic. But he *is* a critic, and his writings are substantial and enduring. It seems necessary to say this, because some observers of Wilson, among them the most friendly, say that literary criticism has been "merely a pretext" for him, and that his essays and books do not make an important body of criticism. This argument is based on the assumption that the key to the "real" Wilson is in the self-revelations of books like *I Thought of Daisy* (1929), *The American Jitters* (1932), and *Memoirs of Hecate County* (1946). What he has really been doing, the argument goes, is writing an extended and disjointed "education of Edmund Wilson," in the style of a modernized yet still old-fashioned American of the era of Henry Adams, Henry James, or Chapman. Wilson, it is said, has not been writing criticism strictly so called, but seeking for "life," judging people and ideas from the point of view of the stiff-necked rectitude of the traditional American dissenter. This campaign in search of "life" and "truth," it is sometimes added, has led Wilson to a final disillusion and left him with "a deformation of character," compounded of snobbery, embittered egotism, misanthropy and disgust with modern America.

There is some accuracy in this portrait. But it is only one account of a complex man, and it constitutes, furthermore, an abuse of the biographical method. In other words, it dissolves the intellectual achievement of the critic in an acid bath of circumstantial influences, such as his personality drives, his social class and his family background. To be thus discounted is the risk run by every quasi-autobiographical writer.

People who write about Edmund Wilson are likely to include a note on how badly he acted when *they* saw him at a party. So I had better add that when I saw him at a party he was amenable enough. He made a point of sitting beside me like a benign if somewhat nettled uncle, and he asked me about Melville's poems, which he was reading at that time. The great man somewhat confounded me, and I forgot most of whatever I knew about Melville's poems. We talked about Whitman, and Wilson emphatically pronounced him the greatest of our classic writers (*The Scarlet Letter,* on the other hand, was a "fraud"). Wilson seemed rather baffled by me and soon retired to a corner with the host, who helped him puzzle out a Yiddish newspaper that had been sticking out of his pocket when he entered the house.

But after this occasion, as after every possible insight into the nature of the man, the same fact recurs to mind. There is the accomplished body of work—in *Axel's Castle, To the Finland Station, The Wound and the Bow,* and in many essays, reviews, sketches and reports scattered throughout the other volumes. And here is Edmund Wilson in 1958—still America's foremost critic, still writing, still showing us how.

Wilson as Journalist

Robert Cantwell

IN THE summer of 1925 Edmund Wilson published his first major attempt at popular journalism in an account of the trial of Dorothy Perkins. She was a 17-year-old telephone operator, born and raised on Jane Street in Greenwich Village, the youngest girl to be tried for murder in New York State at that time.

Wilson was then known only as a critic and reviewer. He had been writing first-rate essays on Fitzgerald, Willa Cather, Pound, Byron, Poe, O'Neill, Hemingway, Lardner, Stephen Crane and others—the most stimulating literary comment then appearing. Just before Dorothy Perkins' trial he published his most seriously-considered piece of critical writing, a study of Henry James based on Van Wyck Brooks's analysis of James as a writer who had lost contact with his own society without being able to find roots in any other. Wilson felt that Brooks's work was the most exhaustive and intelligent that had appeared, but that Brooks made his point by minimizing the quality of James's later novels, the moral beauty of the conflict

ROBERT CANTWELL, novelist and biographer, is the author of The Land of Plenty *and other books.*

The Tenth One

This tenth one was a diver, the thin blade —
Could cut through your neck, you'd never notice the line.
Shinnied right up, three foot over the diving board,
And circled three times, like the sword of Mahomet
(The air didn't budge, the swish being so subtle),
Then shot through the air, a glider, and then
Curved into the water, flying parabola,
Whistled right through while the water was waiting,
Came out at Nanking!
'Twas he, dears, that saved
The wealth of the West from the tooth of the Nippon!
'Twas he that sliced through the Japanese army!
They tried forward march, when he had gone through them,
And their legs went ahead but the torsos just floated;
'Twas then that the Nipponese army lost face!

The other nine were stout fellows, no divers.
Tradesmen they were, knew nothing of battle.
But he was a great one, the thin one, the diver.

M. L. Rosenthal

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between "people who enjoy themselves without inhibitions, who take all they can get from life," and people who are restrained by moral and aesthetic standards from doing so.

Dorothy Perkins was held up in the courtroom and in the press as a girl who had enjoyed herself without inhibitions and taken all she could from life. Wilson's article, which is included in his new collection, *The American Earthquake** is largely devoted to the courtroom scenes. I have gone over the contemporary newspaper stories to see how Wilson's reporting compared with the norm of the times, and the result has been some incidental findings that throw light on the development of Wilson's journalism as a whole.

The Dorothy Perkins trial was entirely unlike the murder sensations of the time. Those dealt with celebrities, like the Fatty Arbuckle case, or strange and complicated crimes like the Shepherd trial, then under way in Chicago, which involved millions of dollars and murder through vials of typhoid germs secured through a bogus medical school. These sensations by their very nature removed the principal actors from the world in which most Americans lived. The people in the Dorothy Perkins case seemed at first glance to be ordinary citizens. When Dorothy was fifteen she was seduced by an ex-convict named Mickey Connors, in his mid-thirties, who had rented a room in the house where the Perkinses lived. After nine months they broke up. It was said that a child in her aunt's house was really Dorothy's. After a time, Dorothy began going around with Tommy Templeton, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania, a friend of her father's, a good deal older than she was. Connors had meanwhile left the neighborhood and married.

At a St. Valentine's Day party, the birthday of her father, Templeton was shot and killed. During a prolonged questioning by five detectives and two policemen Dorothy gave a series of confused accounts of what had happened, and was held as a material witness. Wilson omitted to mention that Templeton was the younger brother of a prominent Jersey City politician; also, that Connors, a slight man, had married a woman who was well over six feet tall and who likewise had a prison record. Obviously, such details spoiled the picture he was building up of an ordinary household and environment. He left out, too, such macabre details as that at Templeton's military funeral the horses bolted and the caisson was overturned and smashed. Yet his article is brilliant, especially if read in connection with the incoherent newspaper stories then appearing, and whose sensationalism affected to some extent even the detached and scrupulous reports of *The New York Times*. Wilson emphasized the ordinariness of the scene because he was trying to establish some sort of contact with what he thought of as the real America, the world of ordinary people, telephone operators, brakemen. In all Wilson's literary recollections there is no sense of the boyhood experiences in a taken-for-granted environment that provides so much of the bedrock of the American literary consciousness from Mark Twain to Ernest Hemingway. His poems of the New Jersey coast where he grew up are of "crazy crumbling hotels, soda-fountains boarded-up, cottages incredibly flimsy, ready to capsize like sand castles," race tracks overgrown with weeds, iron dogs drowning in uncut lawns, the moan of the afternoon train racing past the swamps of the Navesink. Much of his early verse reflected an almost passionate yearning for Europe.

Wilson's account was concentrated on the trial itself, the gloomy courtroom, the blank unfocused faces of the reporters, the sauve prosecutor, the excitable Jewish defense lawyer who antagonized people, the mountainous, sedentary judge, and the girl:

> Her hair of red-gold and her pale little face, her slim figure in its plain black dress, seemed to burn the assemblage at a single point with an intensity of passionate life. On the stand, drooping forward like some creamy flower on the strong little stem of her neck, confronting the prosecutor with shadowed eyes,

**The American Earthquake.* By Edmund Wilson. Doubleday. 576 pp. $6.

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she met a whole day's cross-examination on an obviously fictitious story with extraordinary readiness, bravery, endurance, ingenuity and precision. She had collapsed the day before . . . and when the prosecutor made her show how the revolver had been held—her long adolescent arms like broom handles making awkward angles against her black dress — and told her to pull the trigger, she turned to the judge and evenly asked him if she could have a few minutes recess so that she shouldn't hold up the proceedings again.

The day of the girl's cross-examination was hot and close, and all that night summer thunder crashed on "the prison of the smothered town." Wilson could not sleep. He wrote what seems to me one of his best poems, *A Young Girl Indicted for Murder*. In an extraordinary passage, he compared the girl in her cell to himself, or at least to the American poet, oppressed by

> Those praisers of the past, accepters of defeat,
> The ghosts of poets . . .

Foreshadowing a later poem in which he rejected "literature" with its bathtub hurricanes and alabaster heroes, and concluded

> So may we, when at last we bury literature,
> In silence taste again the savor of the world!

In a preface to a new editon of his novel, *I Thought of Daisy*, whose heroine is not unlike Dorothy Perkins, Wilson wrote many years later that the novel had been built around a too-narrowly contrived scheme: the heroine represented America, and the meaning of the story lay in the struggle of the narrator, the poet, to establish a relationship with her—going through various phases that were unsatisfactory or frustrating or meaningless, and finally reaching a brief period of fulfillment symbolized by their love affairs. And in a postscript to *The American Jitters*, published in 1932, he explained the origin of his career as a reporter of the American scene:

> I had hoped to get away from college when I graduated, to find myself in a more varied world where my keel would strike on basic realities and I should go ashore at last; but though I was working for the first time for pay, it seemed to me that my life in New York was college all over again. . . . The side of school and college that had really given me satisfaction was "culture." . . . But as time went on, it began to dawn on me that the best people were satisfied with a very thin grade of culture, that when you tried to go into the adventures of creation or the exploration of the causes of things, they didn't follow or approve of you. . . .

In other words, there was a conscious purpose behind Wilson's next thirty years of imaginative and emotional reporting, something like a dedication to a task undertaken from a sense of duty, when his own inclination would have led him to the library and the concert hall. Almost all his journalism has been collected in book form. *The American Jitters* consisted of twenty-eight long essays, written between October, 1930, and October, 1931: acid comments on the vogue of the civilized conservatives, like Dwight Morrow, in the early days of the depression; an account of the Communist leader, William Foster, eagerly testifying before the Fish committee, which reads strangely now in view of constant refusals to testify on the grounds of self-incrimination; a blank narrative, like a newsreel in slow motion, of a New York May Day demonstration broken up by the police; a grim picture of Detroit, pitting the legend of an idealistic Henry Ford against "the dreary yellow Michigan waste"; and the misery of people looking for work. *Travels in Two Democracies* carried on from sketches of the election of Roosevelt and the beginning of the New Deal through the five months that Wilson spent in Soviet Russia in 1935. Add to these his articles on the Indians of the Southwest, on Haiti and Israel (collected in *Red, Black, Blond and Olive* in 1956), and his travel notes on London, Rome, Greece and Crete, in *Europe Without Baedeker* (1947), together with his works on the Dead Sea scrolls and his recent articles on Civil War and post-Civil War history and literature, and the physical terrain his journalism has covered becomes astounding, and the learning he had brought to bear on it encyclopedic. The new volume, *The American Earthquake*, includes the political pieces that were first reprinted in *The American Jitters* and the first half of *Travels in Two Democracies*, but these are now surrounded with the incidental sketches, reviews and comments that Wilson was writing at the same time. The new arrangement is less tendentious than were the earlier ones, the pieces reprinted for the first time are funny, and the whole book makes up a clearer picture of the times, and a better view of Wilson's own development, than the previous selections have afforded.

The one clear development in his journalism that it reveals is his steady progression away from the hard literal fidelity and the intense emotion of his writing on Dorothy Perkins' trial. Very slowly, in these three decades, the concrete instance has given way to the general case, the explicit injustice to the social theory. The Brady-like pictures of ghost towns and strike headquarters have given way increasingly to speculation and editorializing—often interesting, sometimes provocative, invariably put together with a personally-flavored prose of independent distinction, but still speculation. On the whole the earlier material was better. I do not mean that Wilson should necessarily have gone on writing about other trials through the past thirty years—though if he had continued as he began the possible effect by this time is something to speculate about—but it does seem evident that a promising line of development was somehow distorted.

And the villain in the case is obvious. In his introduction to *The American Earthquake* Wilson says he is aware that "it may be as dif-

Kaleidoscopic

My love, put all your laces by,
Look at the summer sky
Altering.

Yet sing the swelling round:
So meet the winter wind's
Moaning.

But weep! The lacy echo fades
Into the tinted shades
Of spring.

ROSE HIRSHMAN

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ficult to understand why, in 1925, I should have watched with a certain emotion the trial of Dorothy Perkins as why later, in 1930 I should have been so much stirred by the spectacle of William Z. Foster appearing before the Fish committee." But the two articles are entirely different. In one the scene is clear, the flag hanging crookedly over the judge's desk, the spectators whispering in Wilson's typical exclamatory sentences — "She's a cold little proposition!" — and the emotion arises from the intensity of the child struggling for her life. In the other the emotion is entirely theoretical and doctrinal in its origin; it reflects the general distress of the country in the early days of the depression, focused on a Senator and a revolutionist, not as human beings, but as symbols of two different attitudes toward the crisis. The scene is vague, the characters are not clear, the whole essay is over-long and shapeless, twice as long as the Dorothy Perkins article, and further burdened by excessive quotations from the Communist program that Foster read to the committee.

AND though Wilson made an attempt to be fair to Hamilton Fish, he could not get away from the radical cartoons of the time: "He has coarse features, broad shoulders and a slightly finicking manner; he looks like a Hannibal turned tailor's dummy. . . ." Nor does Foster seem a hero, evasive in answering questions about financial connections with Russia, and giving stock answers as to what he would do that nowhere indicate a genuine concern for the masses of people in whose interests he claims to speak. Wilson does not seem to trust or even to like or to be much interested in him; his efforts to make him human and natural are forced, and the result is that the whole business seems exaggerated and unreal. It is exactly like the dishonest reviews of books he had objected to, in which critics found nonexistent values in literary works because they approved of the general purpose and moral values of the authors, or of what the authors claimed their purposes and values to be.

The villain, in short, was Marx-

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ism, banal though it seems to discover it again, and awkward though it is to admit after all these years what Hamilton Fish was claiming at the time. Wilson set out to establish contact with a living American reality, less narrow than that of the college life or the advance-guard literary circles he had known, but almost at once his search was distorted by something narrower and stranger and less representative than either, a body of dogma backed by force exerted in queer and unexpected ways, and deriving its moral authority from its claim to speak for a side of America that the governing and educated class had neglected.

THE truism that Marxism does not fit well with American states of mind can seldom have been so powerfully demonstrated as in Wilson's case. Much of the thirty-year record of his journalism is of his struggle to free himself of the errors and mistakes it involved him in. During the Fish committee hearings a refugee from the Soviets was called to testify on the horrors of slave-labor camps. Wilson dismissed him as untrustworthy-looking—"pale-eyed, shifty-eyed, shaved-headed." In a footnote, Wilson now comments: "I assumed that this man was lying. His experience may well have intimidated him and turned his face gray, and he may well have been made uneasy by the presence of the American Communists. I leave my report of the incident as an example of the capacity of partisanship to fabricate favorable evidence."

But more than the specific mistakes and distortions, Marxism was costly in that it involved Wilson in endless theoretical disputes and defenses for which he had little real inclination, explanations, re-examinations, all of which drew him further from the elemental simplicity of the purpose with which he began, and led to a habit of speculative and discursive writing long after discussions of Marxism itself had been dropped.

There were elements of humor in Wilson's pilgrimage in search of a more vital American reality, and these he has largely emphasized in his own account of it. For the purpose of his journalism he invented a sort of fictional Edmund Wilson, a character, a mixture of Don Quixote, Samuel Johnson and W. C. Fields, who by some odd mischance had been plunged into radical politics. This fictional character is a great imaginative creation. He is a man of old American stock, self-conscious lest he attach too much importance to that fact, tremendously learned in all sorts of inappropriate ways, and carrying to picket lines and radical conferences a massive store of inapposite erudition. He is of great good will, but liable to be imposed on and deceived. Nothing ever works quite right for him: when he visits F. Scott Fitzgerald in his magnificent new home, he quarrels with his old friend, and leaves with great dignity, only to discover that he does not have enough money to get to town. So he is compelled to return to borrow money from Fitzgerald, but Fitzgerald is broke also, and together they seek out another guest with whom they have both quarreled to try to borrow ten dollars. His mind stocked with questions from Proust and Joyce, this fictional Edmund Wilson covers a meeting of depositors of a closed bank, and reports their words under the impression that he is recording a part of unstudied and unself-conscious American life, later learning that the conference and ensuing riot have been staged by the Communists.

We see him at the beginning watching the trial of Dorothy Perkins, and at the end living in the Hotel Prince David in Jerusalem, curious, clear-eyed, interested, having in the meantime learned Russian and made himself an authority on Russian literature in order to understand the country, mastered Hebrew in order to study the Dead Sea scrolls, studied Haitian literature before visiting Haiti, and steeped himself in Indian lore before watching the tribal rites of the Zunis. The body of writing that this Wilson has produced in the period of his pilgrimage is one of the major accomplishments of the American imagination, highly-colored and strange, and leaving its enduring images as almost accidental by-products of the author's purpose. The solidity and common-sense of its innumerable minor pictures combine in the end to a kind of grandeur, its asides and incidental comments add up to individual social history of vivid life and casual authority, and the whole work, with all its repetitions and digressions, stands as an affirmation of the value of the life of reason and culture brought to bear on the knotted and incoherent aspects of the modern world.

The one quality this fictional Edmund Wilson lacks is the simplicity found in the writing on Dorothy Perkins, in the days before the fictional character had formed.

Penalty

In a state death
The drone of a tired judge,
The bright buckle on a chair,
Hurried people glancing at headlines,
Act as one.

You, condemned, why ask who kills you?
We kill you.
Were the paper not to come that day,
We might not notice that we had,
But we had.

The power of the state is a sword,
The justice of the state is a scale.
No coins or fingers tip the scale,
The sword strikes only whom it should.

It is subtle, yet the state can tell
The edge of justice from the point of crime.
So the state says all the time.

The dead deserve death, else why do they die?
So echoes the tribal cry.

DELL HYMES

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Lief Ericson's Violent Daughter

THE DARK SISTER. By Winfield Townley Scott. New York University Press. 115 pp. $3.95.

William Carlos Williams

THIS book is a figure from the Norse saga's *Long Island Book*; the source of all we know about the discovery of America by Lief Ericson in the year 1000. It is a poem, appropriately enough, detailing in dramatic form all we need to know of the exploits of the wild Freydis, Eric the Red's illegitimate daughter, on a voyage to Vinland from Greenland in the fall of the year following the discovery.

It follows the character, detail after detail, of the two boats containing the crews that Freydis had assembled, more or less against their wills, to accompany her—a feat even in those days for a woman, distinguished as she may have been and tough, the daughter of such a father. Disaster must have been a foregone conclusion but not in the way to be expected. It is a gruesome account.

And it is accurate as far as, after these many years, it can be made to be. Step by step we follow the voyage south along the coast of Greenland to Labrador and still further south to the present New England, the two boats holding close together not to be lost. Freydis keeps strict rule over both ships, though she has been at pains to keep in her own boat a fraudulent numerical ascendancy—as later she had a bloody use for.

Among the young Norwegians she chose a lover but dealt with him as she did with the others when the time came for a decision. Freydis' character, due in part at least to her father's blood which remained pagan to the end, governed all her actions. But it also gave her courage, big bellied as she was with her lover's child, to face the skrellings, the natives with their bows and arrows, and put them singlehanded to flight.

We should be proud of her as an ancester, though she left us no progeny and though her memory is a bloody one. If she had not lost her baby and nearly died demented the latter half of the story would not have turned out as it did. Winfield Scott has been accurate to the mood of the story. We forget that we know so little of our past, what ancestors we come from. Individuals, tremendous individuals, governed the lives which descended from them. Women, especially, needed to herd together not to be outcasts. They had to be high-born as was Freydis to ignore the stigma of illegitimacy of birth with which for the length of their lives they had resentfully to bear. Helen's rape by Paris set off the Trojan War, but Freydis had no such mass escape. When she lost her child she, being the woman she was, struck right and left to register her hatred of the world.

Scott has used a long line and diction well-suited to the rough speech of his sailor characters who were under their mistress' domination throughout the voyage. He is easy to read. The book is attractively bound with an illustration of the two characters, the fairfaced and the dark sister, across the cover at the front.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS has, In the American Grain, himself traveled deep into America's mythic heritage.

Search for Sandburg

THE SANDBURG RANGE. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 459 pp. $6.

Kenneth Rexroth

EVERYBODY loved Carl Sandburg in our town. Nobody knows where he went. What ever happened to the author of the best poems in *Chicago Poems, Smoke and Steel, Cornhuskers*; whatever happened to the friend of dynamiters and grifters and whores, factory girls and icemen and broken-footed cops? The very indigene, the aboriginal of the prairie cornfields and the slums of Chicago, the one poet who started out absolutely right. The guy who came by the right answer naturally. What happened to him?

There has been a lot of speculation, but I think I know: the First War; Chicago journalism. Sandburg was, it is startling to realize now, the youngest and last of the apostles of an utterly irreducible grass-roots libertarianism. Debs was the greatest, the most noble and tragic—but there were others of all degrees of intransigence and compromise: Clarence Darrow, Oscar Ameringer, Brann the Iconoclast, even William Jennings Bryan, that bag of spoiled grape juice. Spontaneous agrarian socialism—the Greencorn Rebellion, straight out of Rosa Luxemburg. Josiah

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Warren, who preceded Prudhon, and who really made funny money work; Jim Buchanan, the last head of the First International, the Kansas railroad man who led the first great railroad strike; Bill Haywood; Parsons—they are the heroes of the years when it seemed, at least to a million or so people, that the fate of American society hung in the balance. They are all the heroes I ever had.

I can't make a hero of Sandburg. Programmatically, he is absolutely sound. His poetry was rooted in real speech, in folksongs and lore, in real people, with never the slip of literature showing, always tied to a concrete situation and event, distinguishing itself fundamentally and all along the line from the English tradition and diction, so foreign to the Middle West of Swedish harvest hands and French *voyageurs*. No one, not even Whitman, has ever embarked on an American literary career with sounder ideas and better intentions. What happened? The War; the Red Raids; Normalcy. The perfection of that monstrous hallucination piped into every head from Madison Avenue—The American Way of Life. Sandburg fell for it. When Debs went to prison, he lay doggo. I remember so clearly the Whitman Memorial dinner with Darrow in the chair, shortly after the war. Carl was to read a poem which "would make clear his position on the war." It was the poem to the Unknown Soldier which later appeared in *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*. After it was over, Darrow, slouchy and disheveled, growled to us youngsters, eager for the word: "It ain't enough." It wasn't. At that point, Sandburg gave up all those clear bright people, Anna Imroth and Chick Lorimer and Inez Mullholland and J. B. McNamara and Billy Sunday, real sweatshop fires, real baseball games between the Chillicothe and Rock Island teams, for a sweet muddy abstraction, "The People." The sentimentality of the police court reporter which had given his work the pathos of actuality overwhelmed him. He became the victim of his own formulas and evasions. Compare "I Am the People, The Mob" with *The People, Yes*. It's enough to make you weep. In the early poem you see so clearly behind the abstraction the stark individuals of the other poems in *Chicago Poems*. Behind the second *"People"* is only mush, or at best the amorphous mass out beyond the lecture platform. It is a terrible pity, but after about 1925 there is nothing of value. Since most of the prose comes after that, Sandburg the historian, novelist, autobiographer, writer of children's stories simply does not exist for literature. I suppose the last thing was the *Songbag*. But the time would come when Sandburg would sing in the chorus of "Sam Hall," "Gol durn your eyes!" But as Spiridovna or somebody said of a lost Russian leader, "We had his youth."

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Ceremony of Prose

A GLASS ROSE. By Richard Bankowsky. Random House. 308 pp. $3.75.

HOME FROM THE HILL. By William Humphrey. Alfred A. Knopf. 312 pp. $3.95.

David L. Stevenson

THE morally timid turn from any confrontation of vivid experience in fiction. The emotionally and intellectually inert wish only comfortable novels. But in between there is an audience which should read the serious novelist's celebrations and orderings of experience, but no longer makes the effort. So runs the argument through the defensive chidings by ten novelists in Granville Hicks's recently published *The Living Novel: A Symposium* (Macmillan; $4.50). My feeling is that the contemporary audience for serious fiction has been oversold, both by publishers and by reviewers, on too many pseudo-masterpieces which fail to get beyond their deadly serious intent. Thus even notable work of the postwar period has too often failed to overcome the indiscriminate hostility of readers made wary of all fiction labeled "serious."

The two first novels listed above are examples of the modern pseudo-masterpiece. Like all American products, they come highly recommended by the seller. An anonymous *Time* reviewer has hailed the "great, raw impact" of *A Glass Rose*. The novelist William Goyen has praised *Home from the Hill* as "a novelist's novel" (a form of incest?). Both books have been dropped by *The New York Times* Book Review into its "And Bear in Mind" listing. But the reader

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of them, wearied by their over-zealous attempts at greatness, is left teased and truculent on the last page.

Bankowsky's *A Glass Rose* (borrowing from Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*) begins and ends with the funeral of the central character, Stanislaw Machek, a Polish immigrant, a laborer in a textile mill in New Jersey. The story concerns Stanislaw's modest success in America (symbolized by his rose garden), his loss of his job as foreman because of his company loyalty during a strike, his drunken, obsessive desire for a son which leads to the rape of his youngest daughter, Stella, his wife's subsequent insanity, and his own death. The story is not so much told as revealed in the successive internal monologues twisting through the minds of Stanislaw's relatives, his wife, his other daughter and Stella, as they attend his wake.

Bankowsky's almost compulsive seriousness lies heavily upon *A Glass Rose*, both in the arbitrary time structure of the novel and in its arbitrary stylization. The language, but not the substance, has gone to school to Faulkner, and the monologues are crowded with loosely identified pronouns, and phrasing endlessly participial:

> It wasn't the money, even though she did take it—you holding it out to her like that, not wanting to go back into the room far enough to maybe put it on the night table or something . . . and her lifting her hand, reaching, but not for the money (you knew that). . . .

The substance of the novel, its view of things, reaches across the high intentions of this style only fitfully. There is no sustained involvement of the reader, almost none of the "significant touching" that Herbert Gold demands of the novelist if he is to tell us "more than we can find out elsewhere about love and death."

HUMPHREY'S *Home from the Hill* (also perhaps borrowing from Styron) begins and ends framed by the same moment in time: the day its central character, Hannah Hunnicutt, is buried. The story itself is a straightforward account. It moves back in time to describe Hannah's marriage to a wealthy, small-town Texan; her raising their only son to emulate his father, a man from whom she has withdrawn in hatred for his endless adulteries; the violent deaths of the father and son, and Hannah Hunnicutt's consequent insanity.

Humphrey's bid for greatness takes the form of verbal heightening so that the father, Wade Hunnicutt, for example, can be described as a man "with that hair black and smooth as the breast of a crow." It also takes the form of a conscious insistence that the father and son are more symbols of "maleness" than they are individuals. Thus the son's first initiation into manhood is as a lone killer of a wild boar, with a subsequent communal celebration of this rite. Faulkner may have nearly succeeded with the mythic, allegorical element in *A Fable*. In *Home from the Hill*, the writer's labor in his use of this element is too apparent. He has not created a novel of deep, brooding insight, but one for seminars in technique.

I do not willingly add to the "atmosphere of confusion and hostility" in which Granville Hicks says the serious novelist now works. And certainly Bankowsky's and Humphrey's first novels do nothing to encourage the reader of indolent mind, eager for another Wouk or Grace Metalious to confirm the superficiality of his own discernments. But *A Glass Rose* and *Home from the Hill* do too little for the reader who wishes his deepest capacity for feeling to be

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Someone has idly set a record turning,
And a dead pianist jumps out of the grave.
In the halls his limpid-sounding masteries of bone
And ivory, metal thread and sinew echo.
And in a room where scraping chairs signal adjourning,
He breaks upon dissolution and fatigue with an inbound wave
As the first departure leaves the door ajar. Alone
Among fretting voices, his forehead sweats and slow
Beads form along his lips. He has no smile
For dull papers and all this harmless nonsense,
But he plays it out for them in his brilliant style,
He and the dead composer, until the disc is done,
As the room empties, and wax relents.

RUTH STONE

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brought into being, who feels the need to be measured by more than the limited experiences of his own private life. I agree that the death of the serious novel, as Hicks's symposium suggests, would be the death of a particular kind of awareness of the human condition. But novels which remain only ceremonial exercises in serious writing are at best neutral. They do nothing to ward off this possible event.

ART

Maurice Grosser

A GROUP of Korean art and art objects—the first comprehensive collection to be seen outside the Far East—is on display at the Metropolitan Museum until March 30. The works, ranging from 200 B.C. to the nineteenth century—jewelry, ceramics, sculpture and painting—were selected from collections assembled in Korea by the Japanese during the first two decades of our century. The exhibit is touring the country under the auspices of the Korean Republic. The handsome arrangement and dramatic lighting of the pieces display them with considerably more effect here than at the National Gallery last month in Washington.

The largest part of the show, most interesting to the specialist and, I am told, the most characteristically Korean, consists of pottery—stoneware and pale gray-green celadon—principally funerary objects recovered from tombs. There are wine cups, vases, incense burners, water bottles, from the simplest shapes to the most fantastic animal and vegetable imitations. Of the sculpture, the most impressive is a seventh century gilt-bronze figure, some three feet high, of a Maitreya, a Buddha of the future, from the Duksoo Palace Museum. It is as fine a statue and as civilized a deity as one is likely to encounter.

The paintings are of a much later period, the most important being of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At first sight they seem to have very little that is specifically Korean, more like a provincial branch of Chinese painting than an independent school. There are, nevertheless, some quite definite and characteristic differences.

The Chinese tradition of painting, as I understand it, is based essentially on free improvisation within a strict and limiting frame. The painter is above all a calligrapher. His means are strictly defined. Each brush stroke—for leaves, for bamboo, for waves, for tree trunks, for rocks—is unchangeably prescribed. His ink is indelible. Once the touch is made it cannot be erased. The finished picture is judged, partly by the accuracy of his brush stroke and partly by the quality of his ink tone, but above all by the ease and freedom he has retained despite the rigors of his discipline.

I am informed that much of the Korean work, judged by the strictest Chinese standards of brush stroke and ink tone, is somewhat inferior. This cannot be said of the more interesting pictures, of the horizontal hand scroll, *Mountains and Rivers Without End*, for example, painted by Yi In-mun in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century. These scrolls are to us the most extraordinary invention of Chinese art, the one form of painting which, like music, can be considered as taking place in time. These scrolls are intended to be seen in small consecutive sections, not as they are generally seen, stretched out in a strip, but unrolled by one hand and rolled up by the other, like a film passing through a camera. The composition unfolds like a symphony. A landscape scroll will begin with a quiet opening passage of strand and sea, then abruptly a mountain, followed by interplays of mountain and plain, then wilder mountains, turmoils of rocks, climaxes of precipice and cliff, quieting down at length to a seascape coda. Or another will show a gentleman in the sequence of all the duties and pleasures of his day. The Korean scroll displayed here has all the Chinese drama and continuity and skill of ink and brush. It is Korean only in the savage mountain forms and interminglings of rock and harbor which I am told are particularly characteristic of Korean landscape.

FREQUENTLY in the pictures shown an important line or object is placed squarely on center—a waterfall in the exact middle of the panel, or the side of a pine tree separating the picture into two halves—easy divisions of space which the Chinese painter generally avoids. This centering is to be found even in the masterpieces of the show, *The Diamond Mountain*, painted by Chong Son in 1734, and is, in fact, the principal reason for its extraordinary effect. The bulk of the mountain, with its ascending labyrinth of prism-shaped needles, completely fills the picture from a solid mass, as though the painter had found his subject too important for his paper. And the little paths, by which the spectator of a Chinese painting is permitted to enter the landscape, explore and return, here branch upward through the center of the

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massif, lead to the peak and do not return at all. The work is unlike anything Chinese I have seen. It is at the same time a completely convincing representation of nature, as is also the *Mount Inwang-san* in a broader style by the same painter, and which, I am told, is almost photographically faithful to its subject.

The *Portrait of a Girl* by Sin Yun-bok, done sometime around the beginning of the nineteenth century, is centered in exactly the same way. The picture is handsome and most certainly a likeness; the area of the canvas is filled up in almost Western manner. Amusing and a great deal less serious is the series of thirty album leaves in the *genre* style by the same artist which depicts, without great elegance of brushwork or composition, but with wonderful expression and liveliness, the outings and parties of young noblemen and their girl friends. There is a fine *Tiger* attributed to Sim Sa-jong, and an extraordinary nineteenth century, curiously Dutch, watchdog. Judging the pictures as a whole, if few of the Korean painters seem to have completely mastered the Chinese tradition, they nevertheless achieved a great and charming skill in representation.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

IT IS a pity that when the Soviet violinist, Leonid Kogan, made his debut with the New York Philharmonic recently, he and the orchestra could agree on no music more interesting than Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*. Originally, he had been listed for a performance of the Brahms Concerto. Since the Boston Orchestra had stolen a march by presenting him in that work a week earlier, it is understandable that a duplication was sidestepped. But there are, after all, a number of concerti more worthy of a visiting Russian's attention than the thin, simple-minded *Symphonie*. Without trying, I can think of ones by Beethoven, by Tchaikovsky, by Berg, and two by Prokofieff. Any of them would have been a superior offering.

Be that as it may, Kogan's Philharmonic debut revealed a few aspects of his musical personality. He is, for one thing, as well-schooled as a young virtuoso can be. Every note he plays is firm, in tune and sensibly placed in its musical context. He does not slip or slide; he does not scrape; even his left-hand pizzicati come forth with certitude and body. Moreover, as a stage personality, he gives an appealing impression combined of physical frailness, sensitivity, and—unusual for a virtuoso—shyness. When he digs into the lower strings, therefore, and draws forth a warm, vigorously broad tone, it comes as something of a surprise.

His interpretation of the *Symphonie*, however, brought no surprises. It was not exactly bookish or academic: nobody with a virtuoso technique is likely to sound quite like that. And yet, such was its attitude of propriety, of so-many foursquare beats to the measure, and an-arpeggio-begins-here-and-ends-there, that the result, with all its fastidiousness, was lackluster. Had the dearth of interpretive fantasy been the result of disciplines too firmly imposed, that explanation would immediately have leapt to mind. But the fact is that Kogan did not play stiffly, as if he had been over-disciplined to regularity—certainly not as if he had disciplined *himself* to regularity—but as if he had never imagined the joys of an attractive irregularity. In an artist, that is a grievous flaw; to a performer of the *Symphonie Espagnole*, it is disastrous. For there is not one important idea in the whole work; no line of such substance that it can be stated flatly and made to carry. Everything depends on a kind of self-induced frivolity and upon the performer's access to flexibility and nuance. Without them, the meringue won't whip.

THIS same program brought forth a performance of Aaron Copland's too-seldom played *Third Symphony*, under the baton of the composer. Like the *Third Symphony* by Roy Harris, this piece has become something of a monument in the stream of American orchestral music. But, unlike Harris' straightforward, extraverted venture, it is oblique in its expression and far more difficult than it first appears. What passes in it for simple quietude turns out, upon examination, to be almost monastic austerity. And what first seems like pastoralism, even folk-tunishness, proves to be only a comparatively relaxed aspect of strict musical frugality. The overlappings of cool, chaste lines in the opening movement; the eschewment of bulk

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throughout the work, and the deliberate plainness of manner—all of these point to a rigorously self-imposed simplicity. As a result, I was reminded in many sections of the work more of medieval polyphony than of symphonic textures as they have been known from the time of Beethoven. I suspect that Copland's *Third Symphony* is a more avant-garde work than it pretends to be; that beneath its cool, seemingly placid surfaces, lie meanings which only the passage of time, a change of perspective, and many performances will make evident.

THE YOUNG conductor, Margaret Hillis, has added a pretty feather to her cap this season with a series of chamber-music concerts given by the New York Chamber Soloists under her direction at Carnegie Recital Hall. As has been the custom with her American Concert Choir, she has engaged the services of the city's finest young soloists, vocal and instrumental, and has juxtaposed the best of old music with the best, or most interesting, of the new. On her first program, the young soprano, Adele Addison, sang Stravinsky's *Three Songs from Shakespeare* and the same composer's *Pastorale* for soprano and four wind instruments. The first of these, written in Stravinsky's most sparse, angular style, was intellectually fascinating, though if the songs were aimed at the heart, their super-styling and artificiality helped deflect them from mine. Miss Addison, however, sang Stravinsky's fiendishly jagged lines as easily and warmly as if they had been street-tunes, and in the *Pastorale*, her performance was so engaging that the work had to be repeated. Contrasting with the Stravinsky songs on this program were Mozart's D Major Sonata, K. 306, for violin and harpsichord, which sounded lovely, and two works by Bach: a *Ricercar à 6* from the *Musical Offering*, played by three strings and three winds, and the Cantata No. 189, *Meine Seele Rühmt und Priest*, with Blake Stern as tenor soloist. I defy anyone to plan a more invigorating program, or one more delicately balanced.

Adele Addison was again the leading light on the second of the concerts. Hindemith, Stravinsky, Bach and Mozart were the composers, and if even Miss Addison could not lift Hindemith's snarled, stubborn *Die Serenaden* off the ground, she provided one of the most thrilling musical experiences of the season when she sang the Bach Cantata No. 209. In this work, Miss Hillis showed the particular quality of her conducting to splendid advantage, settling simply upon ideal tempi and surrounding the singer's voice with an aura of warm, delicately surcharged color.

The most recent appearance of this group, which was sponsored by the Concert Society of New York, turned out to be less exciting than the others, and I have no doubt that the absence of twentieth-century music from the program deprived it of needed punctuation. Rameau's little Cantata *L'Impatience* has modest charms, but it, like the Mozart Quartet for Oboe and Strings, K 370, which followed, is predominantly light in color. It was not until Bach's *Wedding Cantata* that the program came to full life, and again, Miss Addison stole the show. I cannot praise her too highly, nor can I overstress the value of such un-stodgy chamber concerts in the fabric of our musical life.

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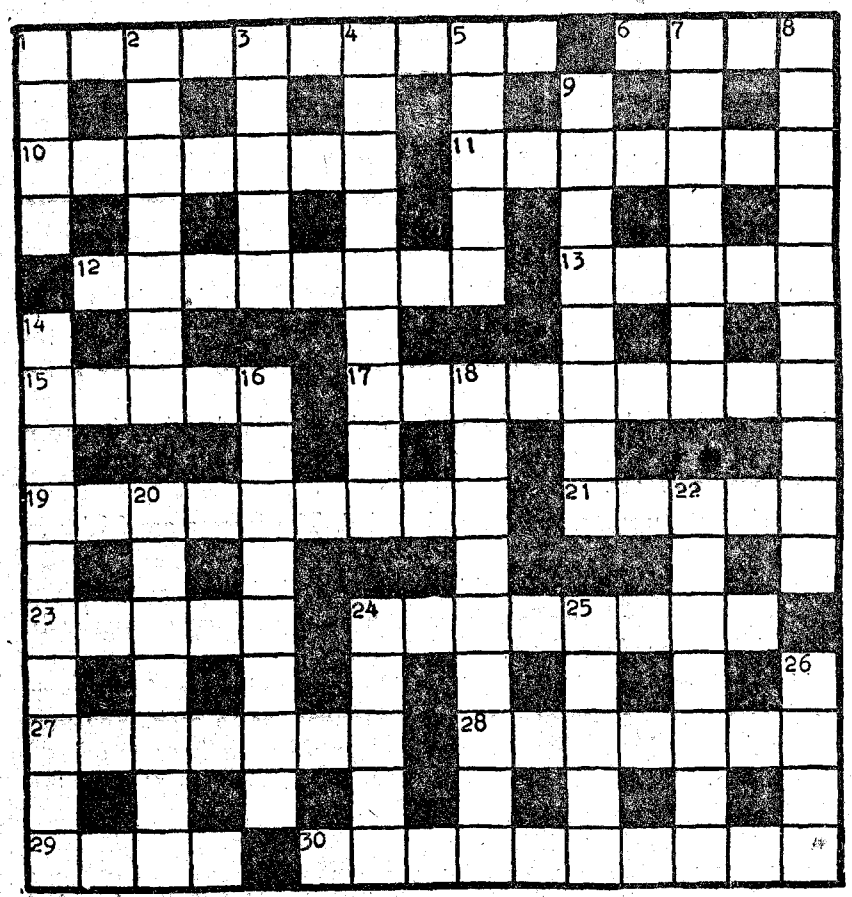

ACROSS:

1 Once he cuts this, the 6 across has sinister implications with it. (10)
6 See 1 across. (4)
10 Brass marker? (7)
11 Scratch? (Not a new cut, certainly.) (3, 4)
12 He returns the sort of folder about a landlord's business, perhaps. (8)
13 What's too wet to be this might be 28. (5)
15 From here, well inside when centered properly. (5)
17 Grooves of the disc are crowded with a field protector inside. (9)
19 A sort of what David did to Goliath inside the city might stop something! (9)
21 Rather run-down, but one sometimes waits for things to be before sticking with them. (5)
23 Comparatively stern in pursuit. (5)
24 and 20 down It does in the piano it celebrates, at least every four years. (8, 7)
27 Dr. Earl's shouldn't be kept like Mother Hubbard's. (7)
28 Half-back with his chest protector tucked in? Drunk, no doubt! (7)
29 Feature superior to that of 2. (4)
30 They probably have a lot of leads on how to make good connections with the track directors! (10)

DOWN:

1 Smooth—perhaps more so at night. (4)
2 The feature about a torn bit of cloth that makes for mortification. (7)
3 Net. (5)
4 From the South, so he orders people to start things here! (9)
5 Nothing gets emptied like an egg! (5)
7 It reels and reels like a trident. (7)
8 Charm, but indicative of kleptomania. (6, 4)
9 It's time he gets paid for lodgings—he probably has just cause. (8)
14 Is such a fellow beyond redemption, or just filled with 2? (10)
16 Blown up, perhaps—as Dalgreen was. (8)
18 As to its precedence, there might be some question! (9)
20 See 24 across.
22 Australian clothes, English paste, and American pound. (7)
24 Stand for a sort of headless 9? (5)
26 Chances are those can't be 1 down! (4)

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ACROSS: 1 and 5 GREASE MONKEYS; 10 PLUTOCRAT; 11 DOGMA; 12 DUDGEON; 13 HAIRPIN; 14 SUMPS; 16 OVERGROWN; 18 BERING SEA; 20 INSET; 22 VIADUCT; 24 OBSERVE; 26 LOSER; 27 INAUDIBLE; 28 EARPLUG; 29 ERRAND. DOWN: 2 and 25 ROUND ROBIN; 3 AVOCETS; 4 ERRONEOUS; 5 MATCH; 6 NODDING; 7 EGGSPOONS; 8 SHANNON; 9 SPADES; 15 MERGANSER; 17 EVAPORATE; 18 BIVALVE; 19 NEUTRAL; 20 INSIDER; 21 THEBES; 23 THING.

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(F) **F. Henry Fuseli. "Woman on a Sofa" (1795).** Kunsthaus, Zurich. The smallest of the group: 21x20" on paper that measures 23x30". A lovely wash and line drawing of an elegantly attired woman, sitting cross-legged on a sofa. A field of subdued colors in the taupe-mauve range provides the context into which the artist has delineated a subject of charm and captivating appeal.

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